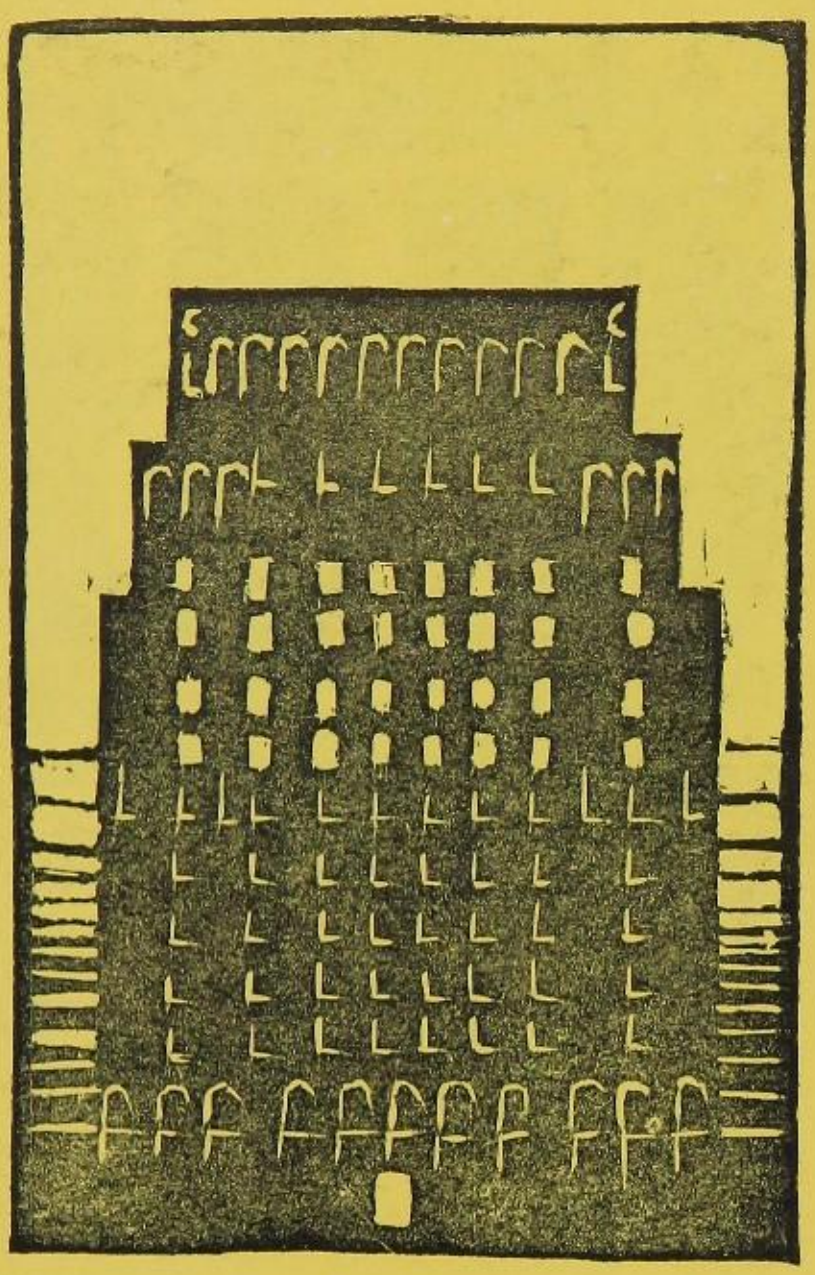
CRIMSON & GOLD

CRIMSON AND GOLD

January, 1934

TOWNSEND HARRIS HIGH SCHOOL



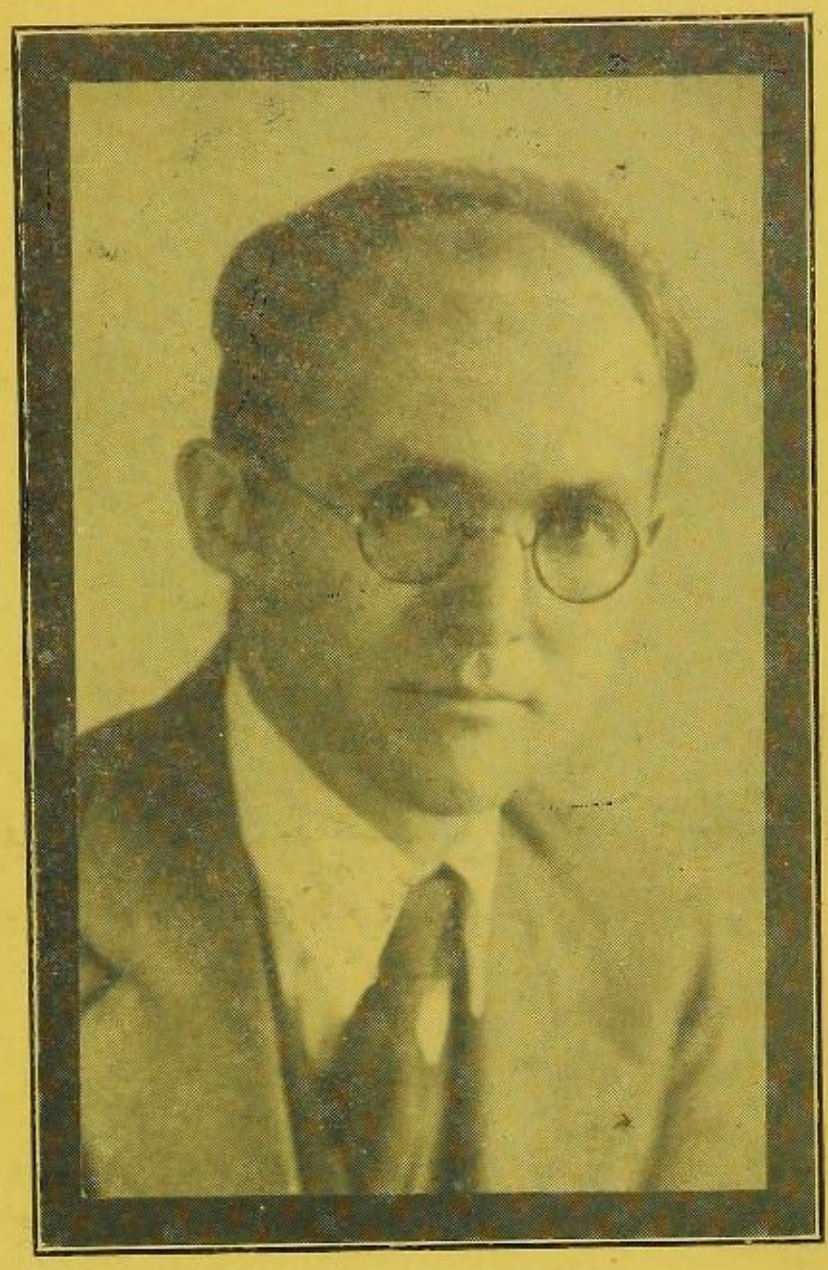
FOREWORD

There is drama attached to the progress of an educational institution—the drama of dreams realized only after long toil and struggle. On the stage before our eyes passes the long line of Harris men. Their march is accompanied by music in a slow, steady crescendo that is ever-increasing in purity and intensity of tone. At first the parade is a halting gloomy one. But as the years roll on, the tempo grows faster and the step of the Harris men becomes quicker. A reason for all these changes exists.

In the beginning the varsity magazine was aristocratically formless. Its policy was the Senior policy; it meant nothing to the main body of the school. Then men with ideas and hopes began to shape a definite policy. The magazine was to have more significance for Harris. Now their ideas have been almost realized. The trend to make the *Crimson and Gold* truly representative of the school has been heartily endorsed by the staff this semester. We have labored diligently to maintain our stand, and we have endeavored to add a worthy stage in the metamorphosis through which the book has been passing. We have sought to create a *Crimson and Gold* which will be remembered in Harris history for having reached one of the very highest notes of accomplishment in the crescendo of progress, and which will take a proud place in the parade of Harris enterprises.

DEDICATION

To Mr. Philip Smith, we, the editors, dedicate this, the January, 1934 *Crimson and Gold.*



PHILIP SMITH

Mr. Philip Smith is the moderator of Townsend Harris student self-government. Literally, a moderator is an arbitrator, a mediator, and not a person who restrains or restricts. Our tall, kindly math instructor is all that the word implies. He is the guardian angel of the General Organization and the guiding force of the Insignia Committee.

In his official capacity, he does not command; he counsels. It is this calm, level-headed observer who reviews our problems with a quiet, contemplative air, and it is he who then gives us the fruits of his wisdom. His counsel can be depended upon to the utmost degree. Many are the students who have been the grateful recipients of the moderator's advice. With keen unerring eye he has perceived minor defects of character, which if allowed to flourish would develop like insidious weeds into major faults; and he has helped to eliminate the evil.

By dedicating the *Crimson and Gold* of 1934 to Mr. Philip Smith, we have endeavored to express the heartfelt thanks and gratitude long due a personality of so high a calibre. We sincerely hope that we have succeeded in conveying our sentiments.

FACULTY SECTION

Upon entering Harris the average student is inclined to regard a member of the faculty as some sort of supernatural being, a person endowed with peculiar characteristics, and one who is to be feared as well as revered. Time, however, slowly disproves this naive theory and even more slowly welds a mature conception of the relationship which should exist between the student and the instructor. When the thin walls of reticence and propriety which surround the individual student disappear entirely, he discovers that those men whom he has always regarded as overseers occupy a somewhat different, if not less impressive position.

More time is required for the realization that these gentlemen are not only instructors, but also friends. This understanding is greatly hastened by direct contact with the teachers in extra-curricular activities. It is soon revealed to the student that each of these ostensibly staid, dignified individuals has a live, vibrant character.

It is truly a pity that the student cannot comprehend the status of his teachers before the senior term, for although he may be graduated with the belief that he has taken advantage of everything Harris offers, still there is the subconscious realization that something is lacking: he has failed to become fully acquainted with those fine gentlemen—those true friends who have aided him so much—the Faculty.

DIRECTOR'S MESSAGE

The Editor of the *Crimson and Gold* again has extended me the courtesy of addressing you.

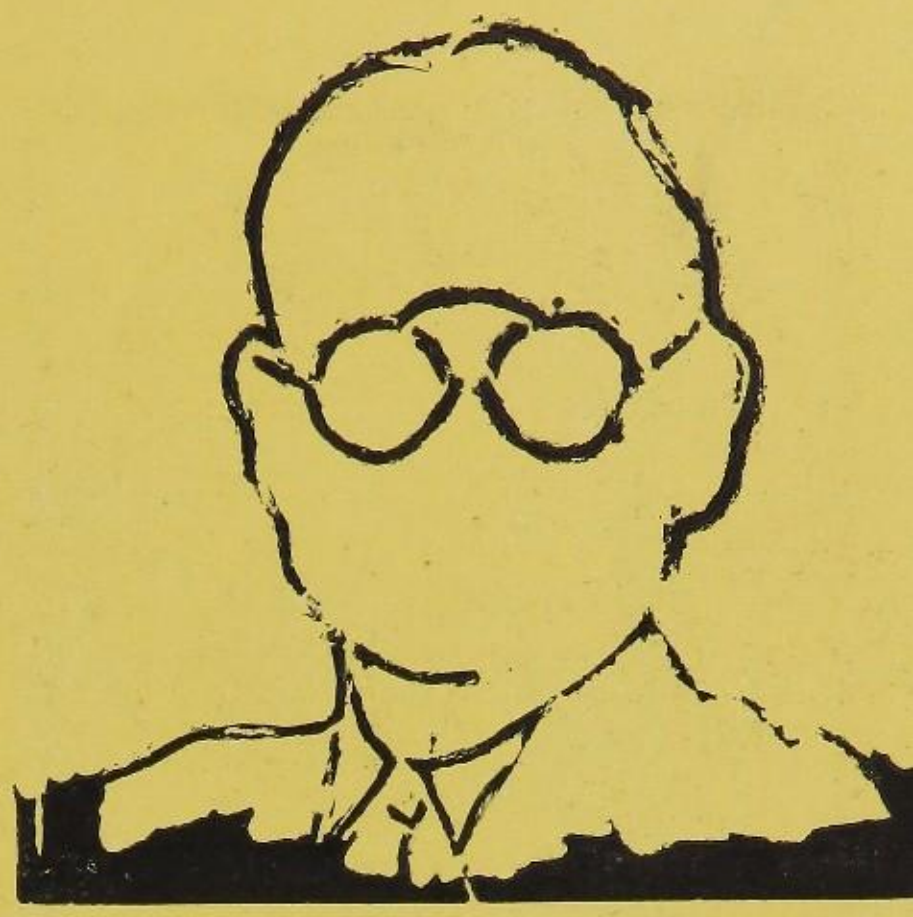
First, may I rejoice with the school over the successful conclusion of the term ending June, 1933, and over the happy prospect of a better year ahead of us. Outstanding among the extra-curricular activities last year were the delightful field day at Bear Mountain, the very attractive issue of the *Crimson and Gold*, a forceful Stadium, and the initiation of well directed intra-mural and extra-mural athletics. At this writing, plans are far advanced for a Varsity Show, an activity that recently it has not seemed feasible to foster, and continuance of the same able management assures us further success in our literary and athletic endeavors. Surely Harris this year bids fair to uphold its high tradition in the unofficial program, and an analysis of our own records and the reports from the college registrar establish beyond a doubt that our present generation of students is maintaining the same high scholastic standards that have given to Harris its enviable prestige.

And now a word to the Seniors themselves, under whose immediate supervision the present issue of the *Crimson and Gold* is being published. From fairly crude but distinctly promising freshmen we have seen with interest and pleasure the rounding out of characteristics that will make the memory of the Class of January, 1934, stay with us, and in the future we confidently anticipate the still further development of more complete manhood, able, equipped, and willing to serve our community and nation in the same efficient and generous way hundreds of other Harrisites have served and are now serving.

In the hope that you will ever hold such service your ideal of communal living, I bid you farewell with a most sincere wish for success.

George M. Falion,
Director

PUBLIC EDUCATION



At the head of the Lincoln Corridor, in the Main Building of the College of the City of New York, above that splendid mural painting portraying the eight great teachers of humanity, are inscribed the words: ERUDITIO POPULI LIBERI SPES GENTIUM.

The hope of the world lies in the education of a free people.

In that Latin inscription of five words, Gentlemen, you have epitomized the very foundation upon which the structure of our government has been erected.

The establishment of the constitution of our own country marked the dawn of a new era in the theory of government. In a world where despotism was the rule and even limited monarchies the exception, there was evolved a representative government, maintained by the consent of the governed, whose only hope for permanence lay in the education of the people. A doubting world watched the young republic, saw the number of the "Little Red Schoolhouses" increase, and learned gradually that free public education was the foundation of successful democratic government. Since we were the first to behold the vision of free public education from elementary school through high school, and, in an ever widening scope, through college, we have reaped the benefits of our vision beyond other peoples. At a time when the despotism of dictatorships arises on all sides in the world about us, our own people stand firm in their faith in democratic government.

You are now profiting by your heritage of an education at the expense of your fellow-citizens. In a short time it will be your duty to assume the full responsibility of citizenship among your people. Thus far you have done well. May you continue as successfully as you have started, and may you hand down to those who come after you, the heritage of a free people.

Robert H. Chastney,
Assistant Director

George M. Falion, M.A. ..... ***Director***

Kings are like stars—they have the worship of the world, but no repose.—*Shelley.*

Robert Chastney, M.A. ..... ***Asst. Director***

Condemn the fault and not the actor of it.—*Shakespeare.*

Robert Alles, A.M. ..... ***English***

Where more is meant than meets the ear.—*Milton.*

Seth W. Bannister, B.S. ..... ***Physics***

The man is not quite a brute who blushes.—*Young.*

William Roy Begg, Ph.D. ..... ***Latin***

When in Rome do as Romans do.—*St. Augustine.*

Gaetano Conti ..... ***Custodian***

Push on! Keep moving!—*Morton.*

A. J. Bogdanove ..... ***Art***

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.—*Shakespeare.*

Edward F. Boyd ..... ***Art***

Art is long, time is fleeting.—*Longfellow.*

Leon H. Canfield, Ph.D. ..... ***History***

Daniel come to judgment.—*Shakespeare.*

René Carrié, M.A. ..... ***Math***

Deeper than e'er plummet sounded.—*Shakespeare.*

Jay Counsellor, B.S. ..... ***Hygiene***

Home keeping youth have ever homely wits.—*Shakespeare.*

Pierre Courtines, M.A. ..... ***Romance***

All Hell broke loose.—*Shakespeare.*

Orlando D'Amato, B.A. ..... ***Romance***

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy.—*Shakespeare.*

Albert P. D'Andrea, A.B. ..... ***Art***

The pipe is man's best friend.

Dayton Dennett, A.M. ..... ***English***

So sweet and voluble is his discourse.—*Shakespeare.*

Israel Drabkin, Ph.D. ..... ***Latin***

When I ope my lips, let no dog bark.—*Shakespeare.*

Cecil B. Dyer, A.M. ..... ***English***

Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.—*Shakespeare.*

Mark Fenderson ..... ***Art***

How use doth breed a habit in man.—*Shakespeare.*

Ernest Ferguson, B.S......*Hygiene*

He must be cruel only to be kind.—*Shakespeare.*

Joseph P. Fitzpatrick, A.M......*English*

We know the eighteenth amendment has been successful.—*Cannon.*

James E. Flynn, LL.B.....*English*

It adds a precious seeing to the eye.—*Shakespeare.*

Jacob A. Friedman, M.A......*History*

At every word a reputation dies.—*Pope.*

David Goldway, A.M......*English*

The vision and the faculty divine.—*Shakespeare.*

Abraham Goodhartz, B.A......*English*

Oh Romeo, my Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?—*Shakespeare.*

George E. Goss, Ph.D......*Hygiene*

I am nothing if not critical.—*Shakespeare.*

David Heft, M.A......*Romance*

Order is Heaven's first law.—*Pope.*

Richard Heynich, Dipl......*German*

Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?—*Shakespeare.*

Iven Hurlinger.....*Physics*

Throw physics to the dogs; I'll none of it.—*Shakespeare.*

Solomon Hurwitz, M.A......*Math*

Brevity is the soul of wit.—*Shakespeare.*

Frederick Hutchinson, A.N.A......*Art*

A noticeable man with large, gray eyes.—*Wadsworth.*

David Klein, Ph.D......*English*

No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope.—*Sheridan.*

Jacob Landman, Ph.D......*History*

I'm sure care's an enemy to life.—*Shakespeare.*

John Lang.....*Art*

He will the devil his due.—*Shakespeare.*

Kurt H. Langsam, M.S. in Ed......*German*

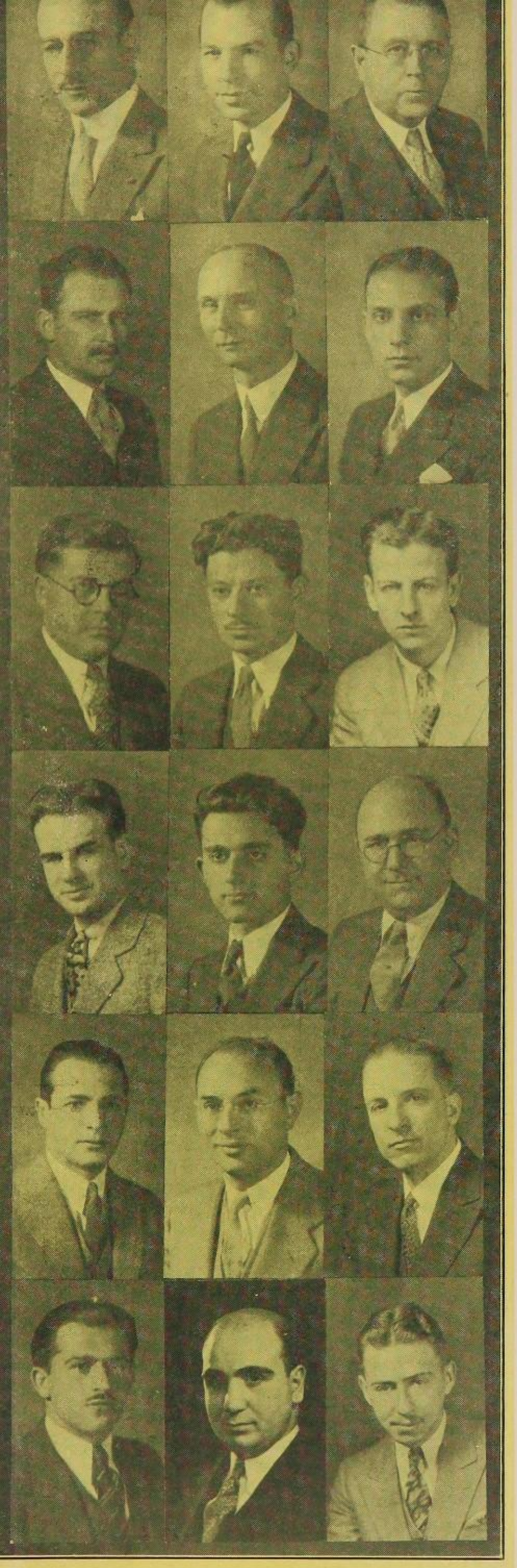
The noblest mind the best contentment has.—*Spenser.*

Duncan MacEwen, B.B......*Math*

Thou wert their guide, philosopher, and friend.—*Pope.*

Edwin Mandeville, M.A......*History*

The fashion wears out more apparel than the man.—*Shakespeare.*



José Martel, Ph.D......*Romance*

The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy.—*Pope.*

Christopher Martin, A.M......*English*

I'm weary of conjectures.—*Addison.*

Charles Mendelsohn, Ph. D......*History*

I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.—*Shakespeare.*

Edmond Méras, Lec. es Lettres.....*Romance*

He hath indeed bettered expectation.—*Shakespeare.*

Werner Miermann, Dipl......*German*

To err is human, to forgive divine.—*Pope.*

Nicholas Milella, LL.B......*Romance*

I bear a charmed life.—*Shakespeare.*

Philip Newman, M.A......*Math*

None but myself can be his parallel.—*Theobold.*

Solomon Neugeboren, B.A......*German*

I have not loved the world, nor the world me.—*Byron.*

Charles Oberist, M.A......*Math*

What's to come is still unsure.—*Shakespeare.*

William Olt, B.A......*Hygiene*

I try to tread in time and tune.—*Scollard.*

Samuel Pearlman, B.A......*History*

The merciful knight.—*Sassoon.*

Mario Pei, A.B......*Romance*

Much Latin and much more Greek.—*Ben Jonson.*

Edward Penn, A.M......*English*

A mellifluous voice.—*Shakespeare.*

Bernard Perlmutter, M.A......*History*

The only sure thing about luck is that it will change.—*Harte.*

Devereux Robinson, M.E......*Math*

He is well paid that is well satisfied.—*Shakespeare.*

Irwin M. Rothman, B.S......*Math*

A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.—*Shakespeare.*

Peter Sammartino, Ph. D......*Romance*

I have not loved the world, nor the world me.—*Byron.*

Milton Schwartz, M.E. in Ed......*Romance*

The price of wisdom is above rubies.—*Job.*

Edward L. Sheldon, M.A......*Latin*

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.—*Shakespeare.*

Max Smith, M.S. in Ed......*English*

Syllables govern the world.—*Shakespeare.*

Philip L. Smith, A.M......*Math*

I hold you as a thing enskyed and sainted.—*Shakespeare.*

Henry F. Standerwick, Ph. D......*Latin*

As merry as the day is long.—*Shakespeare.*

Alfred H. Stein, B.S.S......*Art*

The Art itself is nature.—*Shakespeare.*

Russell F. Stryker, M.A......*Latin*

A most potent, grave, and reverend seigneur.—*Shakespeare.*

William Troy, B.A......*Romance*

A very valiant trencherman —*Shakespeare.*

Waldo B. Truesdell, M.A......*Physics*

The hoary head is a crown of glory.—*Prov. XVI.*

Reinhard A. Wetzel, F.R.M.S......*Physics*

The humor of it.—*Shakespeare.*

Jean B. Zacharie, B.L......*Romance*

Beware of the fury of a patient man.—*Dryden.*

Jetta Alpert.....*General Office*

God, she is a milk-white lamb.—*Keats.*

Doralene Jackson

Joy rises in me like a summer's morn.

Margaret B. James.....*Librarian*

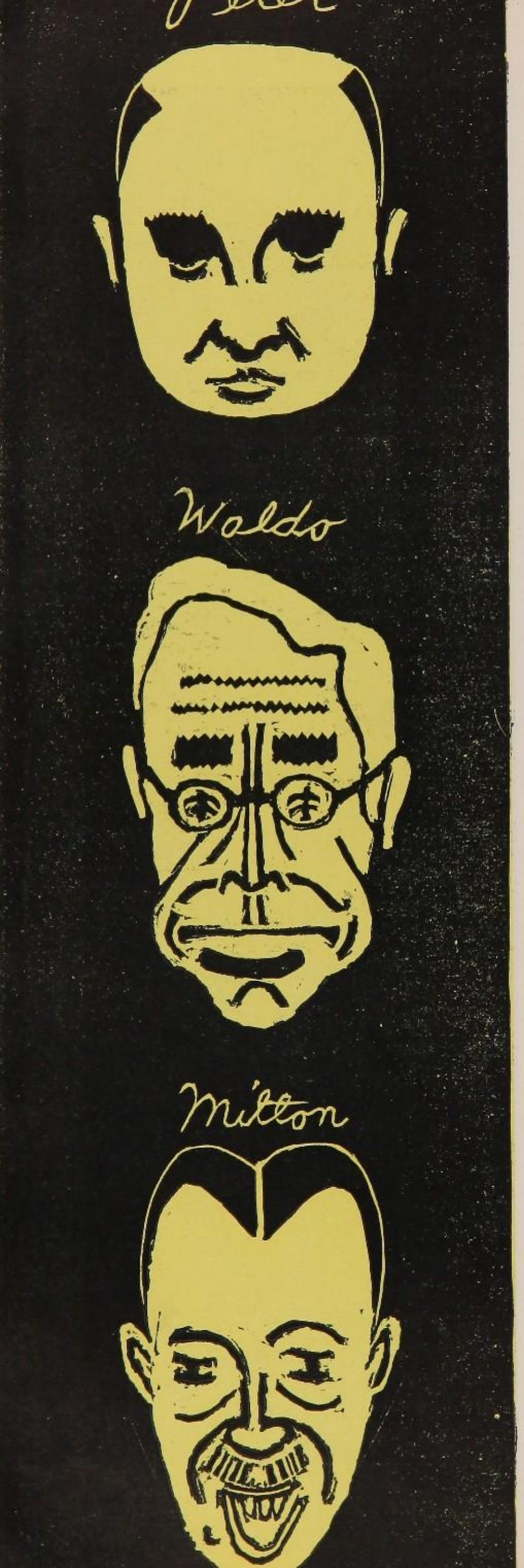
Shut the door, good John!—*Pope.*

Amy M. Richter.....*General Office*

Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved.—*Milton.*

CAMERA SHY FACULTY

George Blake
Joseph Cahn
Dora Richman
Alexis E. Senftner
Louis R. Trilling
William A. Whyte
Arthur Yanella
Ira Zasloff
Harold Sveinbjorusson



ABC OF

A is for Alles, *most witty* of Harris,
Whose wit has the power to please and embarrass.

B is for Blake, *most phlegmatic* Geo,
Everyone's pal and nobody's foe.

C is for Chastney, *most misunderstood*,
Austerity covers what's human and good.

D is for Drabkin, *gravest* of all,
Who follows great Caesar's adventures in Gaul.

E is for Edward, to you Mr. Penn,
Who uses the *purest of diction* we ken.

F is for Fendy, the school's *greatest riddle*,
Who holds up his pants with a rope 'bout his middle .

G is for Goldway, the faculty *sphynx*,
No outward emotions betray what he thinks.

H is for Hurlinger, *sarcastic and wise*,
'Tis hard—very hard—to pull wool o'er his eyes.

I's for Ieradi, *sweet natured* Tom,
"Ten hours of chinning will you do no harm."

J is for José, whom we all know well,
Most popular hombre is Señor Martel.

K is for Klein, the *actor supreme*,
When it comes to declaiming, Dave Klein is a scream.

L is for Lang, *most strict* about art,
Though despotic in marking, no tyrant at heart.

M is for Mendy, *most brainy* of gents,
Every inch of his four feet is crammed full of sense.

THE FACULTY

N is for Newman, the *most irate*,
With a two-inch pencil he marks our fate.

O is for Bill Olt, bemoustached is he,
Which makes him *most dashing* of all
whom we see.

P is for Pei, of *great erudition*,
Of calm, even temper and like disposition.

Q is for Quiz, our *most hated foe*,
Which painfully shows us what we *don't*
know.

R is for Robinson, *most energetic*,
At foretelling zeros he's very prophetic.

S is for Schwartz, with *great speed and power*,
He wrings eighty minutes from every half
hour.

T is for Doc T. With *greatest risk*,
Mid volts and amperes he loves to frisk.

U is for you, who in desperate pain,
Writhe while your teachers look on in
disdain.

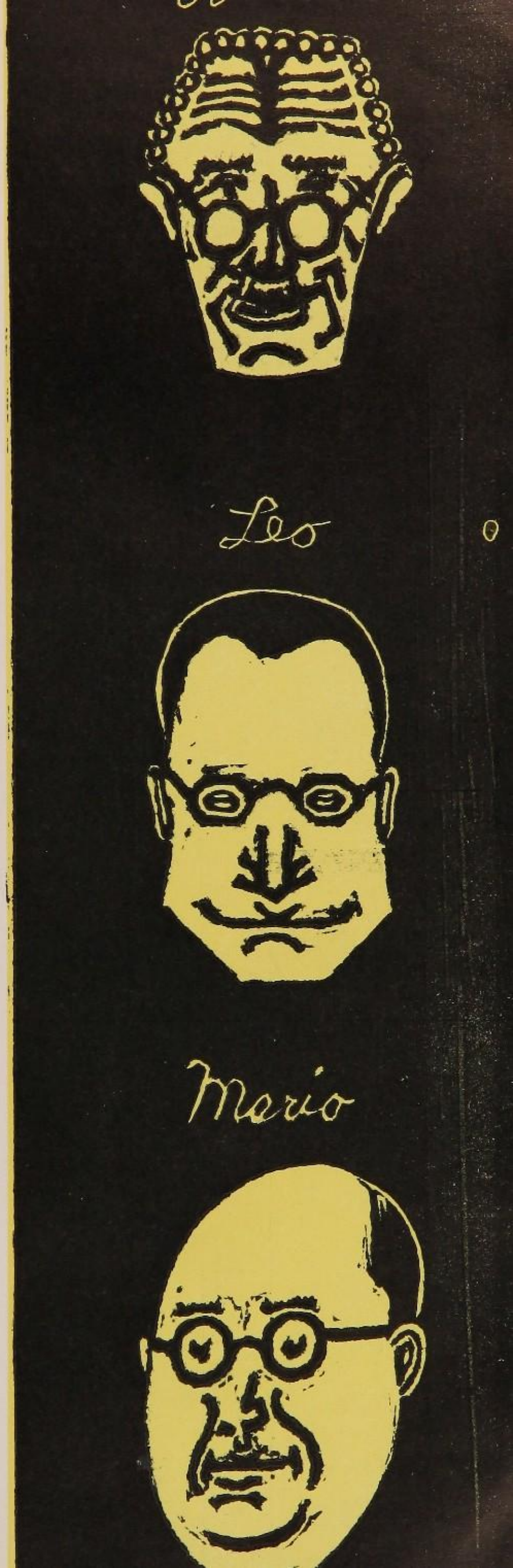
V is for Van Dyke, which graces the chin,
Of Albert D'Andrea and James Edward
Flynn.

W for our three *most different* boys,
That initial is Will Begg's, Will Whyte's
and Will Troy's.

X represents student teachers *unhymned*,
How soon is all thought of them in our
mind dimmed.

Y is for Yetta, *cold and sedate*,
Who calmly distributes green cards to the
late.

Z is for Zacharie, Jean Baptiste,
Who, we all agree, is *last but not least*.



OUR FACULTY

As I stand on the threshold and contemplate college,
My head hanging earthward, weighed down by my knowledge,
Accrued in the course of three years' cramming,
Of subjects I love which I'm constantly praising,
My thoughts turn to teachers who foolishly strove
To anchor with learning the mind made to rove,
And to others, as bad, who when ennui did gnaw me,
Would, rather than humor, ineffably bore me,
And thus could I easily list all their faults,
But here will I now the least most exalt.

A well-meaning teacher tried lessen a bit,
An over-dried lesson with sprinklings of wit,
Now this teacher, though young (all his hair wasn't out)
Was afflicted, poor fellow, with left-footed gout;
For exercise, therefore, he couldn't use running,
But instead, poorer fellow, was addicted to punning;
His special depression pun was indeed ducky,
"The lot of all realtors is most unlucky."

The boys on first hearing all rolled in the aisles,
The second rendition elicited smiles,
When he cracked them a third time each face turned to stone,
The teacher low chuckled, but chuckled alone;
He told them again; I thought I would bust,
Three students arose and walked out in disgust,
The tenth time I heard them my soul felt a pinch,
We rose in a body and teacher did lynch,
Doc Falion approved and he pardoned us all,
The moral, dear reader, "Don't wise crack at all."

SENIOR SECTION

About any senior class there floats an aura of hopes and dreams, eagerness and aspirations. All eyes are focused on the senior; he is at once the envy and the pride of the school.

This term's senior class is no different from any other in this respect. Its history is also almost identical with that of other senior groups. Its members, having undergone the radical change from a comparatively leisurely elementary school routine to the hectic and exhilarating life of Townsend Harris students, were naturally bewildered when they entered the school. After some time, however, during which the class, by absorbing the tradition and background of Harris, achieved its equilibrium, it began a steady rise to the top. By becoming seniors, and as such, individuals set apart, they have attained their goal.

The intellectual regimen of the school has served its purpose. It has sharpened the mind of the senior. He has been adequately prepared to make his own decisions, to forge ahead by his own worth, to carve a niche for himself.

Besides this, graduation holds a certain significance for the senior; it means the enforced termination of many friendships developed through years of constant association. It is not easy to say goodbye. But time rolls by and progress demands recognition. So it is with good wishes and a handshake that the senior bids adieu to his schoolmates.

TO THE SENIOR

It has been my privilege as well as pleasure to have been associated intimately with the class of January, 1934, as class advisor for the past two and a half years, a period covering all but the first term of its life in Harris. It has been a joy to watch the members of the class grow from rather green and bewildered lower classmen to capable and responsible seniors. This class has accomplished much worthy of praise and emulation. But I have been particularly happy in the friendly and intimate associations with the individual members. So I hate to see them go. I hope they will return often to visit and keep alive the old friendship. It is my fond hope that every member of the class of January, 1934, will be true to the ideals of Harris—upright in character, unselfish in devotion to service for others, and persistent in striving for scholastic proficiency. Good luck and success to every member.

H. F. Standerwick,
Faculty Advisor

COUNCIL HIGHLIGHTS

The Prom . . .

Oct. 22—Robert Van Santen reports that the Colonial Room of the Hotel McAlpin is to be contracted. Passed unanimously. Motion to change date to November 30 is defeated.

Oct. 31—Motion passed to engage Jimmy Monaco's Royal Knights orchestra. Tickets to be on sale Monday, November 6.

Nov. 14—Tickets have been printed and Prom advertisements are to be posted this week.

Dec. 5—Only twenty-five Prom tickets are recorded as sold. Unless this number is doubled during the next week, the event will be canceled.

Dec. 12—Forty-eight tickets sold. The Prom is assured.

Senior Day . . .

Oct. 23—Thomas Durrance reports that November 24 will be Senior Day. The hats will be distributed the following Monday, as they are not to be worn on that date.

Oct. 31—Only those who have paid their dues may teach.

Nov. 14—The final lists for classes and seniors are completed; to be posted on the bulletin board. A meeting on November 20 in room 1220 will be held to obtain class excuse slips for senior day.

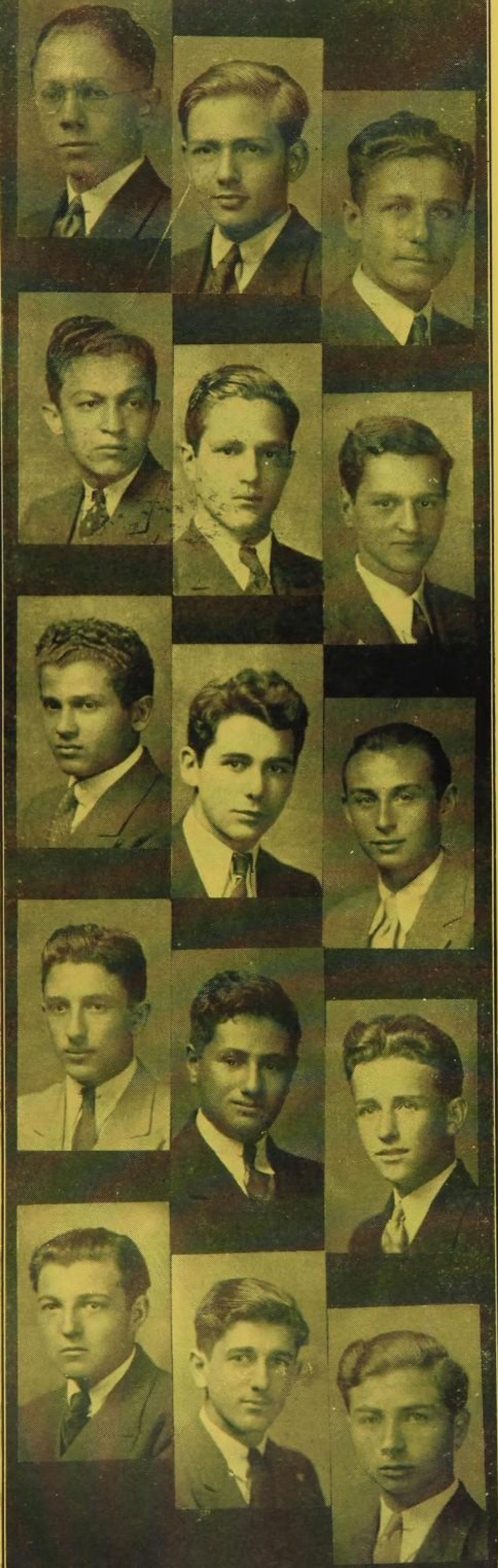
Nov. 28—Senior Day reported to have been most successful by Dr. Falion and instructors.

Senior Awards . . .

Nov. 14—Chaikin, Christensen, Rosenberg, Maas and Youngerman chosen for the Insignia Committee. All petitions for pins must be in before Friday, November 24.

Nov. 28—Committee recommendations made. Names added by council members after a dispute about the date for petition entrees. By a closed vote Chaikin, Christensen, Van Camerik, Youngerman, Maas, Rosenberg, Simon, L. Weiss, Feinberg, Friedman, chosen by council.

Dec. 5—Revote on pins due to non-recognition of a proxy and mistabulation. New winners chosen. Pins to be awarded at Prom.



SENIORS

SAMUEL ACHS

The hatchet man.

C. & G. Art Staff; Varsity Show; "Beacon."

WILBUR AFFENS

What price ten.

"Beacon" (2); Eng. Rep.; Ent. Exam. Squad.

CARL BAKAL

Basketball Bakal.

Basketball (2); Track; Soccer; Boxing; Info Bureau.

HERMAN BALCOFF

The would-be boxer.

Sec'y-Treas. Art Soc.; Art Soc. (2).

DAVID BEITLER

L'Allegro.

Sec'y-Treas. German Club; Baseball; Soccer; Eng. Rep. (4); Class Football.

RICHARD BEITLER

Il Penseroso.

Baseball; Eng. Rep.; Stadium Bus. Bd.; Class Football.

SEYMOUR BERGMAN

Pie are squared.

Club Activities.

NORMAN BERMAN

Last of the three musketeers.

Stadium; C. & G.; Club Activities.

ISRAEL BEZMAN

The Bezman of the Israels.

Swimming Team; Club Activities.

NORMAN BORISOFF

The blight of Blake.

Info Bureau; Ent. Exam. Squad; Class Athletics.

RICHARD BRODIE

Evader of the Corporation Tax.

Swimming Team; Club Activities.

ALFRED W. BROWN

The "It" man.

Class Athletics; Club Activities.

RICHARD BROWNSTONE

A Mason. No less.

Ent. Exam. Squad; Club Activities.

JACOB BRYER.

Just a briar in the bramble.

T. D. (2); Track Team; Soccer; Club Activities.

LEON CANTOR

Can he Trot(sky) too?

Asst. Dir. Info Bureau; Rifle Team; Fencing Squad.

SENIORS

SOLOMON S. CHAIKIN

The rising sol.

Class President; Class Vice-Pres. (3); Bus. Man. C. & G.; G. O. Club Del.; Chairman Banquet Com.; Sales Man. Varsity Show; Pres. Current History; Stadium.

ANDREW CHRISTENSEN

Monsieur Modest.

Class Vice-Pres.; Sec'y Dramatic Society; Treas. Pan-American; English Rep.; Info Bureau (3).

JOHN J. CLISHAM

Light, lanky, light-headed.

T. D. (2) Club Activities.

DAVID COHEN

Comin' or Cohen?

Club Activities.

BERNARD COOPER

Lazy bones.

Track Team; Soccer Team; Stadium Adv. Bd.; T. D.; Club Activities.

ABRAHAM DUBIN

One of the aristocracy of mind.

Info Bureau; Capt. Class Chess and Checker; English Rep.; German Club Play.

THOMAS DRAKE DURRANCE

Our ducky Drake.

Man. Ed. C. & G.; Assoc. Ed. C. & G.; Stadium (3); Pres. Pan-American; Sec'y Spanish Club; G. O. Pub. Del.; Chairman Senior Day Com.; Swimming Team (2).

SHELDON EDELMAN

Who, me?

Soccer Squad; Club Activities.

ROBERT D. EDELSTEIN

Martel, my pal.

Club Activities; Asst. Dir. Info Bureau; Info Bureau (3).

EDWIN EFROS

Pax Tecum.

Club Activities.

ROBERT B. EHRENBERG

Honest Bob.

Arista; Pres. Spanish Club; Editor "Beacon"; Sec'y Dram. Society; English Rep. (2); C. & G. Senior Class Ed.

EUGENE EHRLICH

Come and trip it.

Sec'y Varsity Show; T. D

WILLIAM EYMER

Eymer a dreamer, too.

Club Activities.

CHESTER FEINBERG

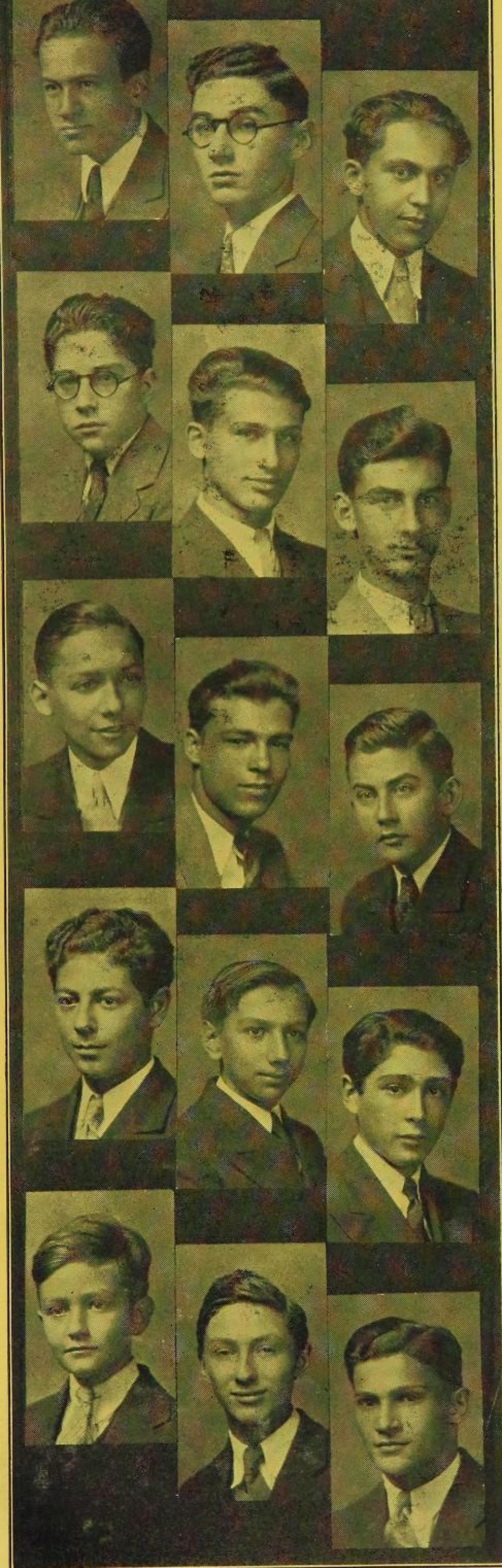
Jest nuts.

Arista; G. O. Rep. (3); T. D.; Stadium; Ent. Exam. Squad; English Rep. (2).

MALCOLM S. FINKELSTEIN

Silence is goldenhaired.

Vice-Leader Arista; Scribe Arista; Man. Ed. Stadium; Ed. Bd. Stadium (2); Class Treas. (2); English Rep.; Treas. Pub. Council; Ed. "News."



SENIORS

HAROLD FLECK

Artist superb.

C. & G. Art Staff; Art Society; Club Activities.

MARTIN FOX

Sly guy.

Sec'y Pan-American; Fencing Team; English Rep.

LAWRENCE FRANKS

Billy Sunday.

English Rep. (3); Del. City Convention Pan-American; Club Activities.

BENEDICT FREEDMAN

Benedictine since Dec. 6.

"Beacon"; Club Activities.

SAMUEL FREEDMAN

Asst. terpsichore instructor.

T. D. (3); Info Bureau (2); Program Man. Hatikvah.

WILLIAM FRIEDMAN

Peachy Pal; Mellony Treasurer.

G. O. Treas.; Asst. Ed. C. & G.; Asst. Ed. Stadium; English Rep. (3); Swimming Team; L. A. Banquet Com.; Tennis.

BENJAMIN FUDIN

Still here?

Club Activities.

LOUIS GALLI

The galloping Gaul.

Baseball; Soccer; Track; Class Football; English Rep. (3): Ent. Exam. Squad.

MORTON L. GASTON

Reticence personified.

Info Bureau (2); Ent. Exam. Squad; "Beacon"; Class Baseball.

MURRAY GEISLER

Just a gusher.

Club Activities; Class Baseball.

MILTON GENDEL

Philatelist.

T. D. (3); Pres. Stamp and Coin (2); C. & G. Art Staff; Club Activities.

MORTIMER GETZELS

Moonlight and Getzels.

English Rep.; Orchestra; Varsity Show; Club Activities.

BERNARD GOLDBERG

A vest-pocket edition.

Club Activities.

WILLIAM GOLDBERG

Only a poor poet.

Ent. Exam. Squad; Varsity Show; Club Activities.

ROBERT GOLDBERGER

Ladies' man.

Varsity Soccer (3); Baseball; Class Athletics.

SENIORS

MAX GOLDSTEIN

En garde.

Fencing; Track; Soccer; Info Bureau; T. D. (3): Club Activities.

RALPH GREEN

With envy?

Club Activities.

NATHAN GREENBERG

With Envy Berg?

DANIEL GREENFIELD

Why don't you grow up sometime?

Club Activities.

NICHOLAS GREENFIELD

Not a saint.

Class Athletics.

SAMUEL GREENFIELD

The ancient mariner.

SAMUEL GREENWALD

Obscurity, like ignorance, is bliss.

Club Activities.

CHARLES GRISAFI

The big bad wolf.

Club Activities.

PHILMORE GROISSER

Let's all sing like the birdies.

Ent. Exam. Squad; Club Activities.

WILLIAM GROOH

The non-gregarious Grooh.

Varsity Soccer; Class Athletics.

ROGER GUTTERMAN

Say's lots, does nothing.

Ent. Exam. Squad; Club Activities.

NORMAN HARDY

Mae West's asymptote.

Club Activities.

JOHN HEALEY

Gags and gals.

Pres. Pan-American; Swimming Team; Club Activities.

WILLIAM HENDERSON

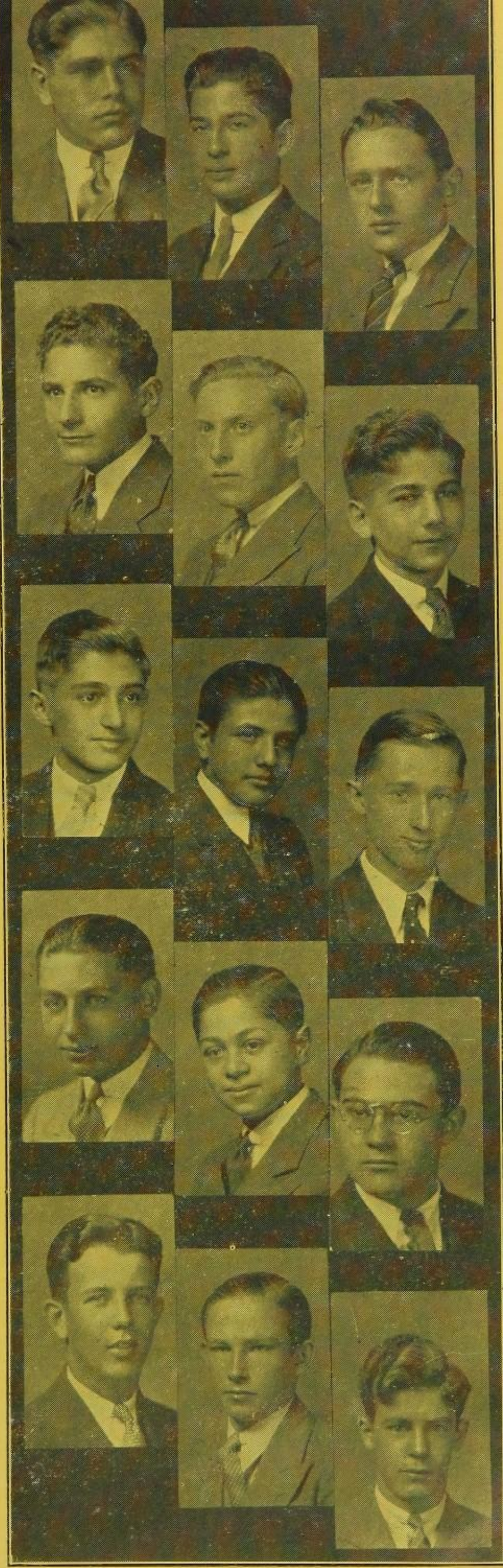
Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

Swimming Team.

JOHN HENRY

Foiled.

Capt. Fencing Team (2); G. O. Athletic Del.; Pin and Insignia Com.; Budget Com. G. O.; Stadium Sports Ed.; C. & G.; T. D. (5).



SENIORS

HAROLD HESSING

Amateur photographer.

Pub. Man. Science Club; Library Squad; Club Activities.

JOSEPH HOFFMAN

Is Canada dry?

Vice-Pres. Spanish Club; Class Baseball; Ent. Exam. Squad; Club Activities.

HENRY HOFHEIMER, Jr.

Fountain of youth.

Class President; Bus. Man. Stadium; Circulation Man. C. & G.; Swimming Team; Lieut. T. D.; English Rep.

HERMAN ISRAELOFF

Lof is the sweetest thing.

Club Activities.

WILLIAM KARTIN

Studies, studies, everywhere.

Class Vice-Pres.; T. D. (2); Club Activities.

HOWARD KIEVAL

The boy scout.

Arista; Stadium; Debating Team; Pres. Law and Debating; Editor "Beacon"; Crimson and Gold.

GERALD B. KITAY

Here kitty, kitty.

C. & G. Art Editor; Info Bureau; "Beacon"; Art Society (3).

JONAS LANDAU

Lend me a fin.

Info Bureau (2); Ent. Exam. Squad; Club Activities.

EUGENE LANG

Ad plus ad equals love.

Advertising Man. C. & G.; Bus. Bd. Stadium; Club Activities.

IRVING LEVENSON

The budding penman.

Crimson and Gold; Club Activities.

VICTOR LEWIS

Watch the birdie.

Library Squad (7); Info Bureau (6); G. O. Service Del.; C. & G.

MARTIN LIEBER

Ach du . . .

Club Activities.

SANFORD LEEDS

Lipschitz leeds in bulk.

T. D.; Ent. Exam. Squad.

EDWARD LOHSE

Companion to Cicero.

Crimson and Gold Art Staff; Art Society (3).

JOSEPH LUBANSKY

Another fighting Irishman.

Club Activities.

SENIORS

HENRY MAAS

"Little man, what now?"

Treas. Arista; Editor-in-Chief C. & G.; G. O. Rep. (2); Pres. Art Society; Pres. Dramatic Soc. (2); Asst. Ed. Stadium; Lit. Ed. C. & G.

HOWARD MANDELBAUM

The soap-box orator.

T. D. (3); Ent. Exam. Squad (4); Club Activities.

JAMES MANNHEIMER

Little Caesar.

Sec'y Span. Club; Library Squad (4); Club Activities.

EDWARD McCARROLL

The hangover.

Club Activities.

JOSEPH MEDAGLIA

Take it easy; you'll do it faster.

Varsity Swimming; T. D.; Class Council; Class Athletics.

IRWIN C. MENDOZA

Just an old Spanish custom.

Library Squad; Info Bureau; Entrance Exam. Squad; Club Activities.

HOWARD A. MERBLUM

In quest of Q.S.T.

Vice-Pres. Science Club; Class Athletics.

SHELDON MEYERS

But, sir—

Entrance Exam. Squad; Club Activities.

GERALD MILLER

Lullaby, and good night.

Club Activities.

THEODORE MILLER

Ham and super-ham.

T. D. Lieut.; Entrance Exam. Squad; Vice-Pres. Stamp and Coin.

IRVING MORGENSTERN

The timid soul.

Club Activities.

WOODROW MOST

A finless fish.

Varsity Swimming; Club Activities.

WILLIAM MULLIN, Jr.

Merman Mullin.

Varsity Swimming (4); Class Council; T. D. (2); Ent. Exam. (2).

BENJAMIN NEUHAUS

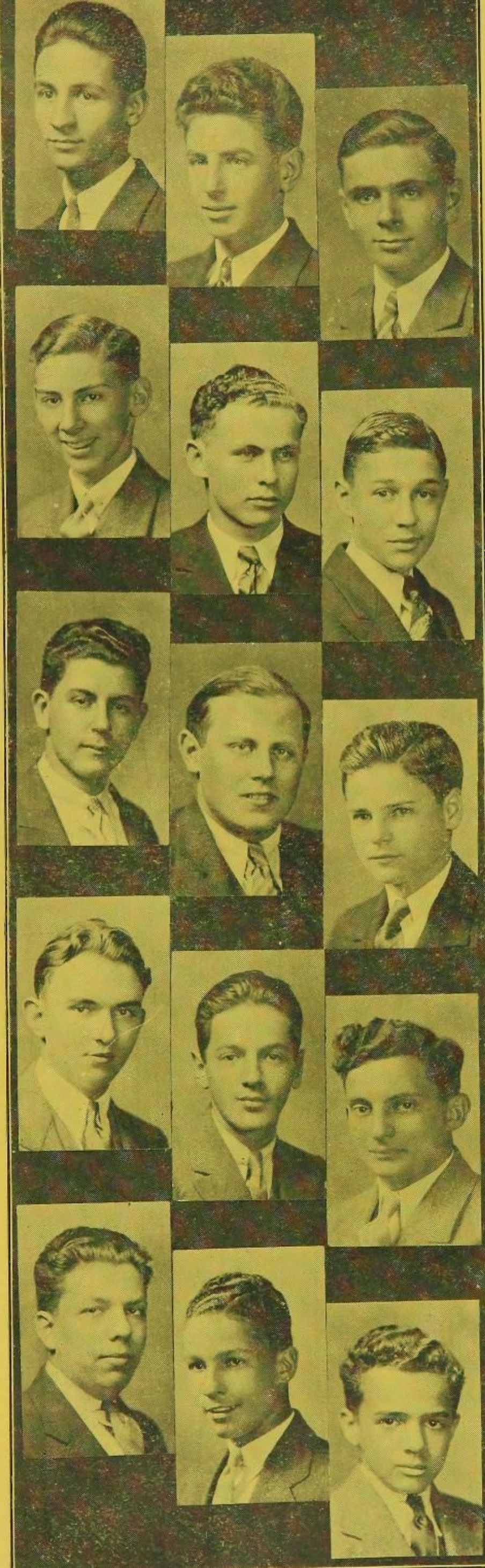
Teacher's theme song: I gotta pass Neuhaus.

T. D. (5); Info Bureau (2); Club Activities.

SOLOMON ORLOWITZ

The daily worker.

Varsity Soccer; Library Squad (5); Ent. Exam. Squad.



SENIORS

JAMES PAPACOSTA

Late again?

Varsity Track; Swimming; Club Activities.

SIDNEY PINSKER

Au Diable, la langue francaise.

Varsity Basketball; Class Council; Ent. Exam. Squad.

MORTIMER PODELL

Actor, penman, scholar—bunk.

Associate Ed. C. & G.; Stadium (2); Class Council; "Beacon"; Capt. Class Deb. Team; Dram. Soc. Play; Club Activities.

EDWIN B. POMMER

A self-styled wit; the nerve of it.

Varsity Swimming; C. & G.; Stadium; Club Activities.

HENRY PRESSMAN

A tailor in the making.

C. & G. Art Staff; Art Soc.; Club Activities.

MAXIMILIAN PRICE

Quality counts.

Ass't Lit. Ed. C. & G.; Class Council; "Beacon"; T. D.; Club Activities.

LAWRENCE REED

Rosy roly-poly.

Ent. Exam. Squad; Club Activities.

ROBERT R. REYNOLDS

Cherubim.

Pres.-Sec'y Hi-Y; Times' Oratorical Contest; Ent. Exam. Squad.

PAUL ROBERTS

Caesar's Lieutenant.

Club Activities.

CORNELIUS F. ROCHE

The Yankee American.

Ent. Exam. Squad; Club Activities.

ARNOLD D. ROSEMAN

Don't let the name deceive you.

Bus. Bd. C. & G.; Class Council; Sec'y Treas. Chess and Checker.

DAVID ROSENBERG

A well of enthusiasm.

Pres. Current Hist.; Ath. Man. Class; Chairman Commencement Com.; Dram. Soc. Play.

HOBART ROSENBERG

Henry the VIII.

Club Activities.

ALAN ROSENBLOOM

In the spring.

C. & G. Bus. Bd.; Club Activities; Tennis.

HAROLD ROSINI

Peewee Harris.

Club Activities.

SENIORS

HERBERT RUBIN

Off with thee!

Ent. Exam. Squad; Adv. Bd. Stadium; Club Activities.

CLIFFORD SAGER

Thus ends the saga of Sager.

Arista; Capt. Swimming Team; Swimming Team (5); Ath. Del. G. O.; Chairman Insignia Com.; Soccer.

BENNETT SALLMAN

The big racqueteer.

Arista; Sec'y G. O.; C. & G.; Varsity Soccer; Captain Tennis (4); Varsity Debating (2); "Beacon"; Class Council; Senior-Day Com.

HERBERT SALZMAN

Salzman of T. H.; Bernard of Michigan.

Class Athletics.

HARTLEY SAMUELS

Funny as a crutch.

Adv. Staff C. & G.; Library Squad; Ent. Exam. Squad.

SOLOMON SCHARF

Jim Londos, Jr.

Soccer (6); Track (6); Tumbling Team; Man. Wrestling.

LOUIS SCHREIBER

He can do an entrance exam. blindfolded.

Ent. Exam. Squad (6); T. D. (5); Eng. Rep.

MAURICE SCHWARZ

No relation to Marchmont.

Class Athletics; Club Activities.

ALEC SHEARD

The exemplification of politeness.

Arista; Library Squad (5); Info Bureau (3); "Beacon"; Club Activities; T. D.

BURTON SHEPARD

The sesquipedalian.

Arista; C. & G.; Stadium; Ed. "Beacon"; Vice-Pres. Journalism Club.

PHILIP SIEGEL

Law and order.

T. D. (6); Club Activities; Track (4).

HARRY M. SIMON, Jr.

The campaigner.

Arista Leader; Vice-Pres. G. O.; Editor Stadium; Class Pres. (2); other service.

HERBERT SOBER

Not after repeal.

Info Bureau (5); Club Activities.

WALTER SOLOMON

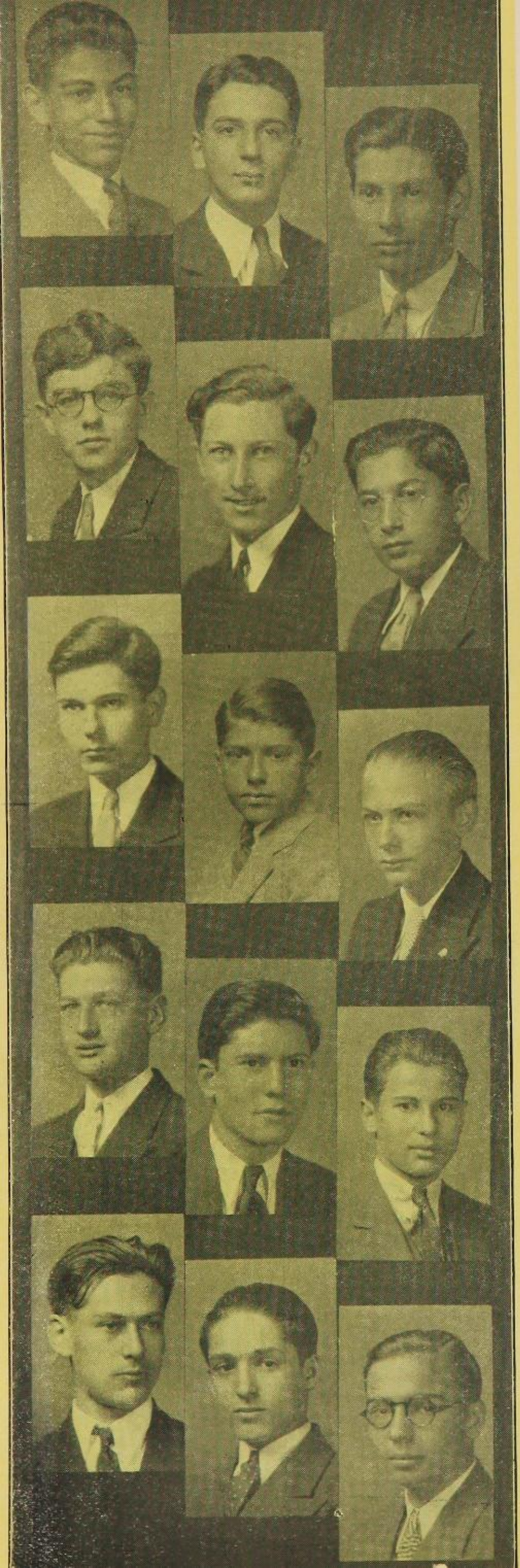
Saxophone Walt.

Orchestra (4); T. D. (2); Club Activities.

EUGENE SPITZ

'Tis a cruel life.

Arista; C. & G. Art Staff; C. & G. Ed. Bd.; Stadium; Tennis; Class Council; "Beacon" (2); Art. Soc. (3); Club Activities.



SENIORS

FREDERICK SPITZ

"Expect to rate" high?

Ent. Exam. Squad; T. D.; Club Activities.

MORTON S. STARK

Humor's cupid.

Varsity Swimming (6); C. & G. Humor Ed.; Stadium; Class Council.

LEONARD STEGMAN

"You gotta be a football hero—"

Captain Varsity Baseball; Class Athletics; C. & G. Business Board; Class Council (3); Varsity Basketball.

MORTIMER STILLER

Stiller than still.

Club Activities.

MELVIN TANCHELEWITZ

What a mouthful!

Club Activities.

NORMAN TANZ

The dreamer.

Club Activities.

CHARLES R. TERR

That terrible T. D.

T. D. (5); Captain T. D. (2); Pres. German Club; Ent. Exam. Squad.

DONALD THOMSON

Who said fish can't dive?

Varsity Swimming Team; Eng. Rep.

ARTHUR TITEFSKY

Our blonde soprano.

Club Activities.

HOWARD VAN CAMERICK

Ed Wynn and Durante, Inc.

Secretary Class (4); Class Debating (2); Prom Committee; Banquet Committee; Varsity Show.

ROBERT VAN SANTEN

"My friends, I stand upon my record . . ."

President G. O.; Class Pres. (2); Photography Ed. C. & G.; Pres. Arts & Letters; Chairman Prom Committee.

HAROLD E. WARSHAW

Actually does his physics homework.

Class Debating Team; Club Activities.

IRVING WECHSLER

The poet.

"Beacon"; Club Activities.

LEO WEINER

Related to M.G.M.'s Leo?

Stadium; T, D. (3); Lieut T. D.; Soccer; Track: Class Council; Club Activities.

LOUIS WEISS

Kid ambition.

Man. Varsity Basketball; Track Team (3); Ent. Exam. Squad; Class Council (3); Class Athletics.

SENIORS

TOBIAS WEISS

Toby, or not to be?

C. & G. Art Staff; Art Soc. (3); Library Squad; Club Activities.

BERNARD WEISSMAN

All work, no play.

Club Activities.

HERBERT WHITE

The perfect gentleman.

T. D. (4); Info Bureau; Soccer; Club Activities.

RICHARD WITKIN

Goodbye again.

Secretary Arista; G. O. Rep. (4); Sec. G. O.; Stadium (2); Editorial Chief C. & G.; Ent. Exam. Squad; Boatride Com.

EDWIN YOUNGERMAN

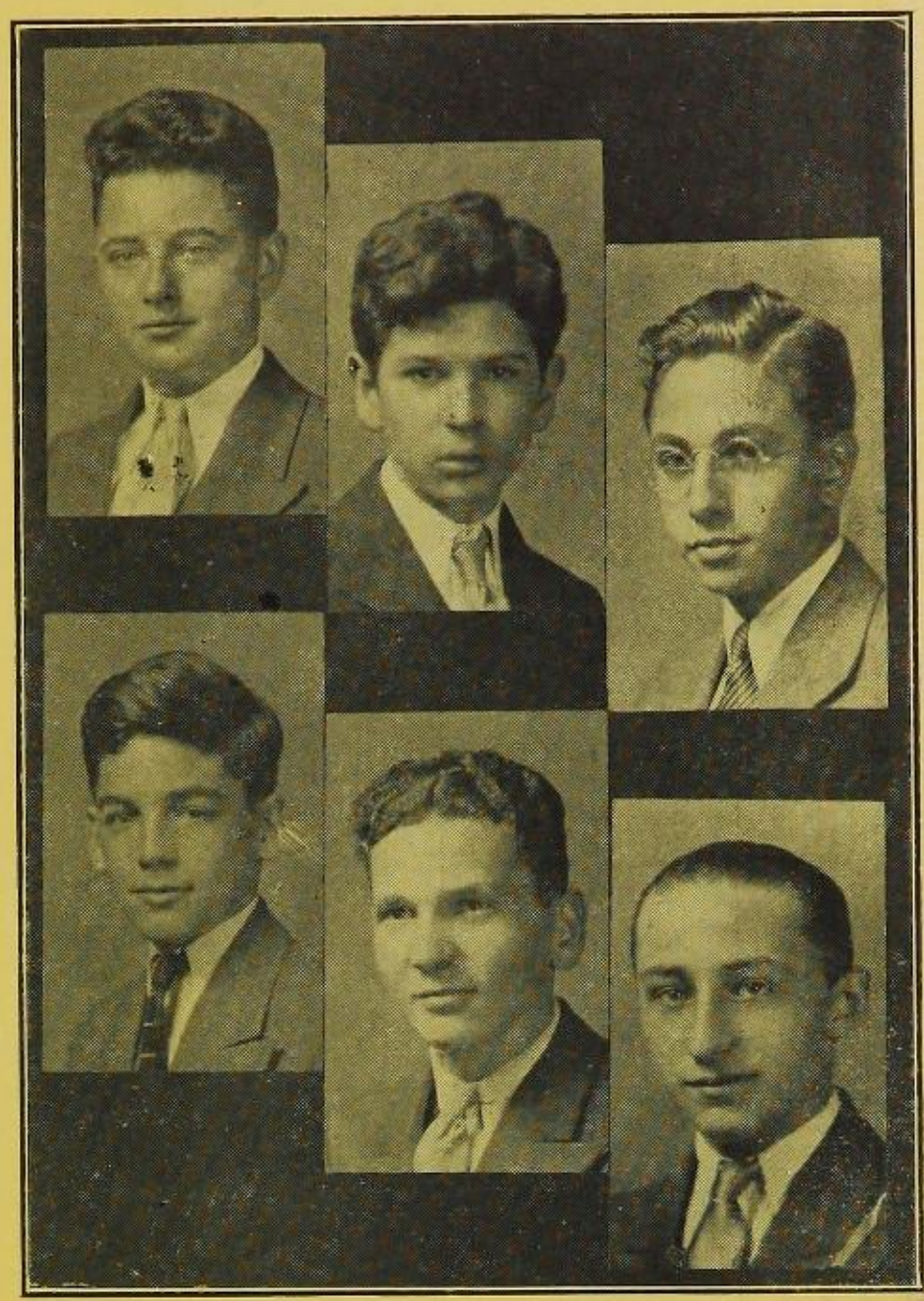
Do pay dues due Eddie.

Chief T. D.; Director Info Bureau; Adv. Man. Stadium; Class Treas. (3); Ed. "Beacon" (3); Pin and Hat Com.

CARL ZEEB

Last of the Mohicans.

Class Council (2); Varsity Basketball (2).



GRAND HOTEL

(Senior Prophecy)

Hello? . . . yes . . . this is Grand Hotel . . . Mr. Van Santen's suite? . . . sorry, I'll have to connect you with the manager . . . Mr. Van Santen is in conference and is not to be disturbed. The manager will take any messages. What? . . . just say Miss Claire De Vandevoort is calling? . . . very well, Miss Van De Vandevoort, your message will be delivered . . . Click!

Hey, Sadie! Guess who just called Mr. Van Santen . . . yeah, he's a philanthropist, sportsman, business magnate . . . that's what they say about him in the newspapers . . . they call him "The Ladies' Man" . . . yeah, that was the movie actress, Claire De Vandevoort, calling him up. Oh-ho, here's a call.

Grand Hotel . . . good afternoon . . . did you say you wanted to speak to Mr. Friedman? Well, he left for his office in the First National Bank Building about fifteen minutes ago. Is there any message? . . . I don't know where he eats his lunch, and I don't know when, either . . . Say, what do you think this is, an information bureau? Oh, you represent *The News* . . . What's your name? Mr. Witkin? All right, I'll tell Mr. Sallman, his

secretary. No, he's playing tennis; I'll tell him later.

Gee, Sadie . . . we sure have a popular place here; bankers, millionaires, and everything. Even the best columnist on *The News* is calling up for an interview . . . You know, that fellow Dick Witkin, who writes "Private Lives of Broadway Bright Lights."

Hello? room 418 wishes to speak to the room service clerk? . . . Just one moment, please.

Can you imagine that? You know Sadie, that high pressure salesman, the efficiency expert, in 418? Well, he's always sending down for cocktails at night, and for towels and ice cubes in the morning. His name is Chaikin and he rooms with that man, Mr. Youngerman. They're exact opposites. Youngerman is the strong, silent type.

Good afternoon, Mr. Simon. I'm sorry, there's no mail for you this afternoon. I gave everything to Mr. Finkelstein.

Say, Sadie, that was the man I was telling you about. You know, the editor of that newspaper they just put out. He and that fellow, Finkelstein, did it, and they're both wasting away, waiting for offers regarding their new type of editorial system. They'll probably make loads of money on it.

Well, well, well . . . there's Mr. Maas. Made a million and a half, then threw it away on his last play . . . was that a flop! . . . They say his ambition is to write a successful Broadway hit, direct it, take the leading role, and plan the settings. It'll probably be a monologue . . . See, Sadie, that's Mr. Van Camerik speaking to him now. Boy, is he a howl! Probably looking for a job in Mr. Maas' new show.

Grand Hotel . . . good afternoon . . . who did you say you wanted to speak to? Mr. T. Drake Durrance is not in right now. He said he was going to see his publishers about his forthcoming issue. Did you ask me what issue? Say, don't you know who the editor of *Fortune* is? Well, he's the fellow . . . I don't know the name of the publishers. Oh, wait a second; it's written down on one of Mr. Durrance's cards. Oh, yes . . . Christensen, Inc. . . . No . . . I don't know the address . . . Why don't you look it up in the tele-

GRAND HOTEL

phone book? Why don't I come up sometime? . . . Say, are you trying to be funny? . . . What's your name? I'll tell Mr. Durrance you called . . . Morton Stark? All right . . . I'll tell him . . .

Well of all the fresh guys . . .

Grand Hotel . . . good afternoon . . .yes, Mr. Kitay, Mr. Podell is waiting for you in the lobby. Shall I have him paged for you? You'll give me a message? All right, I'm ready to take the message . . . Yes, I think I have it all . . . I'll read it to you to see if it's correct . . . Quote: I should like to see you in the near future, concerning the editorial in *The Times*, that mentioned my name in an uncomplimentary manner. I shall be at the Embassy Club this afternoon as I am writing an exposé of all the evil publications. Unquote . . . Your message will be taken care of immediately.

Say Sadie . . . did you ring those authors in 720? That room Mr. Ehrenberg paid the rent for. A couple of fellows by the name of Kieval and Shepard . . . they're both authors or something . . . That's a funny arrangement . . . one man paying the room rent and two others living there . . . I guess the writing game isn't what it used to be . . . On the other hand, you certainly can make money on Wall Street. That's where Mr. Ehrenberg made his pile . . .

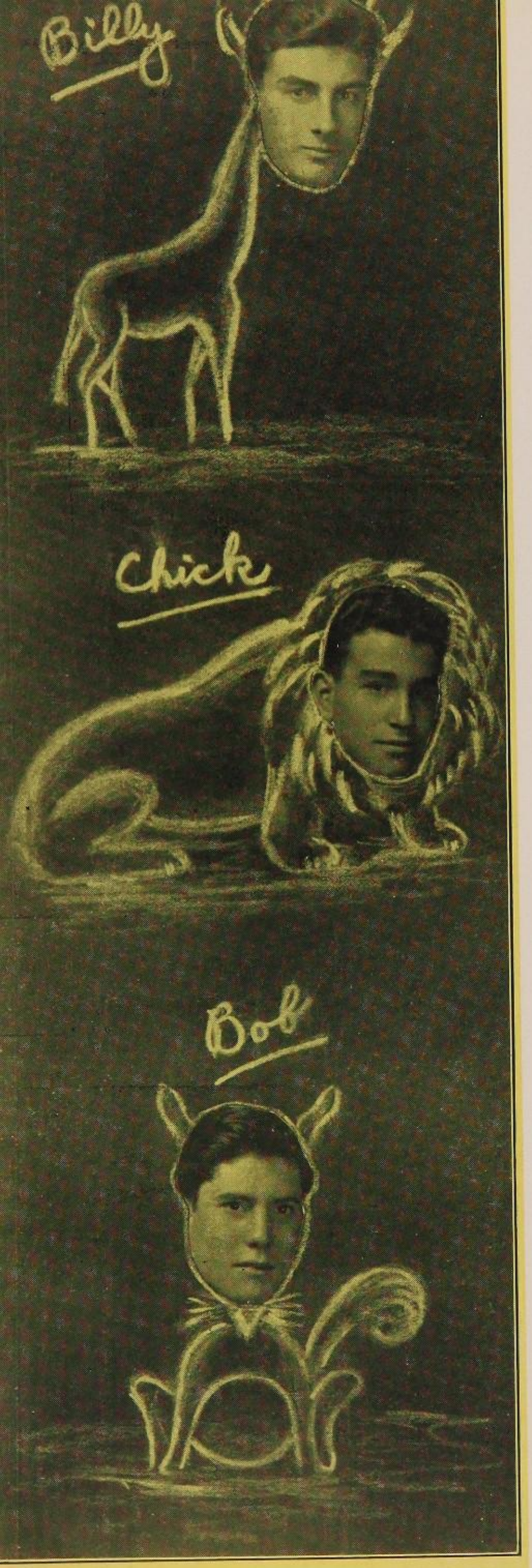
Yes, Mr. Sager, Mr. Henry left the keys to your suite with me. I hear the American team won the swimming meets . . . Congratulations . . . No . . . Mr. Stegman hasn't come in yet.

Can you imagine that, Sadie—three Olympic champions in the same hotel. Mr. Sager is on the swimming team, Mr. Henry with the fencers, and Mr. Stegman on the baseball team.

Grand Hotel . . . good afternoon . . . ice water in room 111? Just a moment while I connect you with room service . . .

Number, please . . . just one moment, please . . .

Grand Hotel . . . good afte . . .



WHO'S ZOO

Most Capable.....*"Chick" Chaikin*
Small.....*Bernie Goldberg*
Tall.....*"Hank" Hofheimer*
Stall.....*Dick Witkin*

Did Most For Class.....*Eddie Youngerman*
Chief.....*Bob Van Santen*
Brief.....*Dick Beitler*
Beef.....*Sanford Leeds*

Most Likely To Succeed.....*Henry Maas*
Player.....*Cliff Sager*
Payer.....*Bill Friedman*
Prayer.....*Before Exams*

Did Most For School.....*Bob Van Santen*
Stude.....*Abe Dubin*
Dude.....*Harry Simon*
Stewed.....*Howard Van Camerik*

Most Conscientious.....*Mal Finkelstein*
Internal.....*Bob Ehrenberg*
Infernal.....*Faculty*
Nocturnal.....*Lenny Stegman*

Most Modest.....*Andy Christensen*
Thin.....*Homework Excuse*
Win.....*Never*
Din.....*Class Council*

Least Appreciated.....*Morty Podell*
Editor.....*Burton Shepard*
Coed-"It"-Or.....*Ed Pommer*
Creditor.....*Jerry Kitay*

Finest Personality.....*Max Price*
Tummy.....*Sy Bergman*
Crummy.....*Lunch Room*
Dummy.....*John Henry*

Outstanding Journalist.....*Tommy Durrance*
Quaint.....*Cornelius Roche*
Saint.....*Barney Weissmann*
Paint.....*Hal Fleck*

Most Handsome.....*Johnny Lindquist*
Sunny.....*Al Brown*
Punny.....*Morty Stark*
Sonny.....*Murray Fink*

Most Ambitious.....*Ben Sallman*

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the flock of January, 1934, having been fleeced full well, do behoof ourselves to proceed in the procedure of the preceding herds. In pursuance whereof we do thrust a most beneficent and philanthropic hand deep into our cash-less cache, and do bequeath:

To Dr. Standerwick—the overbearing burden of our much used conscience to be used as a threat to Lower Cs;

To Dr. Landman—a Republican police-dog who won't "put his paw down";

To Mr. Heft—an electric fan to blow the imaginary chalk-dust from his desk and chair;

To Mr. Fitzpatrick—a glass of water to eliminate dryness;

To Miss James—an automatic phonograph which will say, whenever the silence is broken, "Now, boys, there's to be absolutely no talking in the library . . ."

To Dr. Goss—the Fable of the Hare and the Tortoise. Need we remind him that the Hair lost . . .

To Dr. Cobb—an easy-flowing fountain pen, for he appreciates and rewards a good tale well told;

To the Freshman of Tomorrow—one ton of yeast which may help him rise to the heights to which we once aspired;

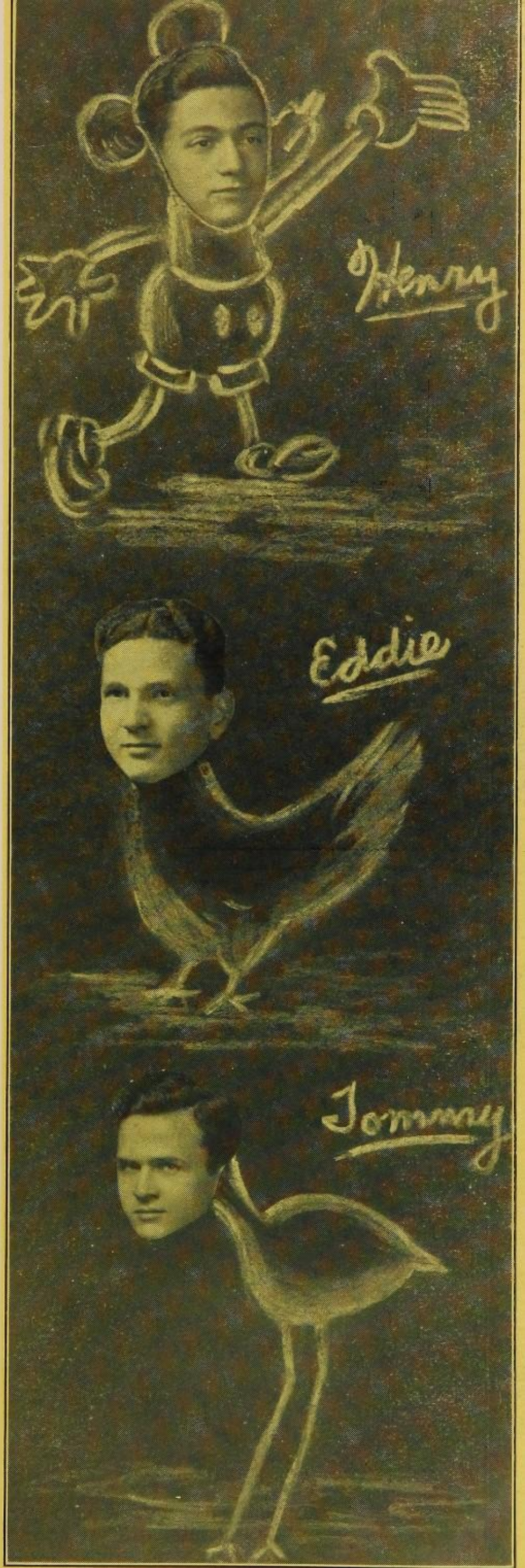
To the T. D.'s—microscopes which, in the event that the yeast should fail, will facilitate their seeing the lilliputians, whose traffic they direct;

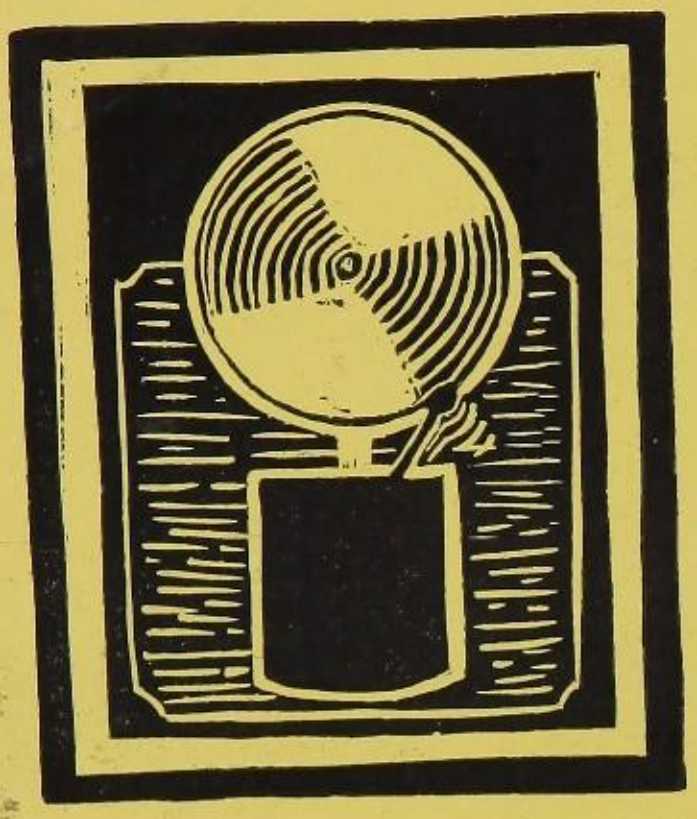
To the School in General—the information that the seeming dust found on the floor is nothing but unused grey-matter; be advised . . . also that Dr. Chastney is neither so hard nor so soft as exteriors might indicate . . . also, that riding the rough road of learning in a pony-drawn crib is both precarious and fruitless.

In witness whereof, we do hereunder transfix our name with the poisoned arrow of erudition.

To wit, to what, to wait.

Us, the P. G. of Tomorrow.





SENIOR MEMORIES

It was all a mistake. We took the entrance exams to get a holiday from school. Impressions on exam day . . . Max Smith's stubborn lock of hair over his left eye . . . Mr. Conti's first reverberating bellow . . . the feeble "jokes" about the elevator's effect on the digestive system . . . Remembrances of Lower C . . . The election of Hofheimer because he was the tallest . . . the first T. D. knocked out by a belligerent member of the class . . . how we all set the alarm for 6:00 A.M. and retired at 9:00 or 10:00 P.M. . . . the reception given us . . . mayhem for a hot dog and murder for a drink . . . our own reception to the L. C's . . . debate . . . should Heinz' label be 57 or 57½? . . . Dayton Dennett the optimist . . . telling us that usually many Lower C's were ejected . . . when three-quarters of the class tried to crash politics in L. B . . . remember H. P. Isenberg? . . . and Mr. Ieradi's gentle ministrations . . . Harry Simon's pleading for a function . . . and none resulting . . . the lost battalion . . . Junior High School students . . . discoveries . . . Mr. Blake's remarkable collar . . . Jake Landman wrote the alphabet . . . (put it after his name) . . . the champion reciter of mile long rules, Mr. Whyte . . . and without pausing for breath . . . evolution . . . Mr. Olt's developing a moustache . . . strange interludes . . . the football game . . . Mr. Fitz's patented English curriculum . . . functions . . . the banquet . . . glowing cigarettes . . . then home and to bed . . . the boat-ride . . . Dave Heft, the canny pitcher . . . Max Smith singling . . . Mr. Trilling dropping a fly ball . . . remember . . . the all-conquering football team . . . the first week of the term . . . rush for clubs . . . Amy Richter's green cards . . . unsuccessful cuts . . . mad geniuses . . . the Physics Department . . . mysteries . . . why did William Roy Begg lose his trusty razor. . . . why did girls in Industrial building march around and around the room . . . occasion . . . window-cleaning . . . battle-cry . . . "What, no soap?" . . . a noteworthy fact . . . the loyalty of the class to Mae West . . . fond remembrances . . . the week-ends . . . building standing tall and straight in the sunlight . . . a scholastic haven . . . sanctuary amidst noise and turmoil of busy city . . . wistful memory . . . the goodbyes . . . it's all over . . . farewell . . .

LITERARY SECTION

The literary section of this Crimson and Gold needs no extensive editorial. One need only read the table below to appreciate the fact that never in any previous issue of the magazine has such a rich and extremely varied collection of literary gems been published.

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SONNET

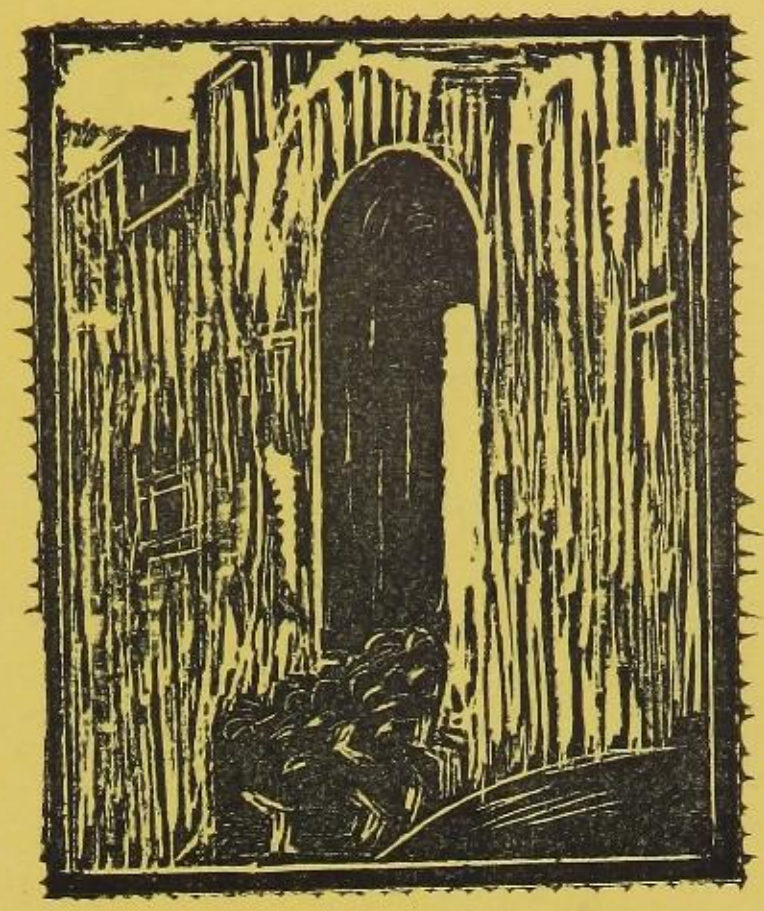
An old piano being used as an ornament in a wealthy person's mansion

Alone, midst people, thou stand'st, silent and mute;
Thy sweet harmonious voice no more is heard.
Like a wild, melodious woodland bird,
Sullen in captivity, or a lute,
Whose timid quav'ring notes once charmed the ears
Of old Egyptian princes and Memphian kings,
And now reposes, 'mongst other lifeless things,
In a dull museum, thou passeth through the years.
Alas! 'tis one of God's ironic laws
That Man and Matter shall be torn away
To serve a viler and more banal cause
Than their true bent desires. Happy the day
When Man may follow the dictates of his heart,
And live with Music, Poetry and Art.

William Goldberg.

CORRIDA DE TOROS

By Harry M. Simon, Jr.



Ceuta is on the Mediterranean seacoast, in that part of Morocco which is Spain's. It is very old—and very Spanish. Did he not already know the fact, the visitor would not realize that he was in Morocco, from a mere survey of the town. Moors are very seldom seen; the Spanish type is strongly dominant.

From the Governor down to the humblest beggar, the people of Ceuta love bullfights. These are their major diversion; in fact, except for fiestas, which generally accompany them, it is almost their only one. They have a large Plaza de Toros, or arena for the fighting of the bulls, on the outskirts of their town—not so fine, perhaps, as those in Sevilla or Madrid, but most assuredly, well kept. Every fortnight during the dry season (which is the only time when the fights are held) the Plaza is veritably swarming with excited, gesticulating followers of the sport, eagerly anticipating the entertainment to come, reminiscently discussing performances of the past. The favorite matador, generally a young Ceutan, receives a large share of the comment; "he will go to Madrid, yes; he will rival the great Belmonte himself!"—predictions for his future are indeed bright.

Next to its love of bullfights, Ceuta is noted for its appreciation of feminine charms; an unusually large number of beauties dwell within its own walls. These, perhaps more so than the men, delight in the "Corridas de Toros," the bullfights; these it is for whose adulation so many young men have determined to be, have become, and have died, matadors.

It was long ago that the great toreador Salvator, who was gored to death so recently by that tremendous bull, Fernando III, while passing through Ceuta on his way to Spain, following a vacation in Marrakech, was induced by the Governor to give an exhibition of his great art in a benefit performance for the families of three young toreadors who had been killed a short time before. It was a grand and gala event in the life of Ceuta; long will it be remembered by the inhabitants of the town. All of the young bloods had invited their lady loves to the Corrida long before the great day arrived; great was the preparation of the arena officials, of the

young toreadors, looking joyfully forward to the fame that was to be theirs for merely having participated in the same fight with the great man, and of the beautiful senoritas.

Belle of the belles of Ceuta at that time was Solita Esteban: the fickle Solita, the darkly beautiful Solita, of the lithe, slender body, of the flashing black eyes, of the blood red lips, of the raven hair. And chief among the admirers of Solita was Jaime Mendoza: Jaime the proud, Jaime the selfish, aristocratic, haughty, accustomed to getting what he wanted, jealous to the death of the object of his passion.

Not less than the others of Ceuta did Solita delight in the Corridas de Toros; not less did she worship, did she adore, the toreadors. It was only natural, therefore, that on the great day, at the climax of the fiesta that had begun a week before, Jaime and Solita were among the first to arrive at the Plaza de Toros, nodding gaily to friends, smiling condescendingly to the poorer ones who tipped their hats in admiration of so fine a couple. Like to the most gorgeous picture ever fashioned by the exquisite genius of Goya, Solita was costumed in the traditional fashion of the sport. The beautiful shawl of the Corrida, bright red, with darker crimson and black flowers worked delicately into it, was thrown jauntily about her shoulders—a red rose piquantly caressing the jet blackness of her hair, as it bobbed behind her ear. Gallantly dressed also was Jaime. Though not in uniform, nevertheless he was by no means eclipsed by the gorgeously costumed officers who wandered about the area in front of the arena. Under his arm he carried a light sword-cane; indeed, he presented a fine picture of the aristocratic young provincial Spaniard on holiday.

A gloriously colorful and gay picture was this; police, in black patent-leather cocked hats and tan uniforms faced in yellow and red, patrolled the ground, rifles slung on shoulders; their officers, even more ornately attired, gold and black swords at their sides, were chatting animatedly with acquaintances. Everybodv seemed to know everybody else; all was jollity. The shawls of the senoritas—indeed, even the senoras wore them—black, red, and gold predominating, completed a riotous scheme of color nowhere to be found but at a Spanish fiesta.

"Indeed, Jaime," exclaimed Solita, "though we have witnessed many fights, this will be

one to remember! What a man this Salvator is! I have never seen one to compare with him. How glad I am that I am able to see so wonderful a person. There is no one here in Ceuta who can compare with him."

Jaime turned, looked at her. "A bullfighter? Bah? Give me but his cloak, his costume, his sword, and lo—clothed a bullfighter, I am a bullfighter, can do as well, better than he, in the ring."

Solita gave him a sidelong glance from beneath uplifted eyebrows. "Really, Jaime?"

The brazen call of a trumpet issued from within the arena; suddenly all was hurry and bustle outside. The throng hastened gaily through the entrance; escorts, thrusting pesetas into the hand of the renter, snatched the pairs of pillows he offered. In an amazingly short time, the seats were filled; a brief moment of getting settled, and then,—eager expectancy.

The band struck up the stirring march; cheers and cries from the spectators: "Salvator! Bravo Salvator!" With a flourish, the entrance of the bullfighters was heralded—there they were!

Marching evenly, the same measured distance between each of them, the toreadors, the famous matador foremost among them, entered the arena first. A gallant sight they made, in their picturesque, gold braided costumes, cloak over one arm, the other swinging free. Brave cloaks, these, and fine, orange on one side, carmine on the other—but destined to be dirtied and dragged and torn within but a few minutes.

Following immediately after, rode the picadors; riding easily, but on the sorriest nags seen in many a day; nags unfit for any use but to be gored by the bulls, and therefore now ridden, later to be blindfolded, into the ring. With lances in stirrup cups they rode; long lances, wood lances, with the heavy iron point and the cruel shield which forbids that point more than three inches of way into the bull's shoulder. For it is forbidden that the picador kill the bull. That is the right of the matador, and jealously it is reserved for him.

And last came the other horses—good horses, these, and handsomely plumed and belled. For these horses take revenge for their kind on the bull; it is they who drag him, dead, from the ring.

So marched the toreadors to the Governor's box, there bowed, received his salutation—and then, off to prepare for the work of the afternoon. The picadors wheeled their jades, left the ring. The toreadors arranged themselves in a semi-circle about the sides of the arena. The trumpeter, in his stand at the very top of the tiers of seats, stood at attention, the mouthpiece of his instrument to his lips. A waved arm from an attendant gave the signal. The note sounded clear and loud, only to be drowned out by a furious bellow, as the great bull dashed into the ring.

Wild and panting mad he came, from the dark cave that had been his home for the past three days. Dripping saliva coated his tongue dead white, for he had been starved, too.

Around and around the great circle he galloped, his hoarse, thunderous voice pouring out the tale of all the woes that were his —for that is the secret of the Corrida! Run the bull! Tire the bull! Cleverly exhaust the bull! And then dispatch him—neatly, skillfully.

The enraged creature was slowing down now, the sign for the toreadors to start their work. The younger, more inexperienced boys did this, for the beast had to be fatigued to allow the great man to execute his masterly passes. And so they stepped out, attracting, enticing the enormous animal with the waving of the cape, leading him here, sending him there, striving at every moment to gain that favor of the crowd which might some day make of them "another Salvator."

Nonchalantly the great man watched them. A sudden nod of approval escaped him, as one of the younger and more reckless of the toreadors executed a particularly dangerous and well-done manoeuver. His turn was to come soon, and he would delight these people, so starved of what was really fine work, with an exhibition of what great and aristocratic crowds in Madrid thronged to see at every Corrida in which he took part.

And now, the picadors. Exciting, this, for those sadistic ones who delight in seeing the entrails torn from a horse. The procedure was the same as usual. The "pic," his calves protected by iron shields, allowing the bull to attack him on his blindfolded horse, pressed the lance into the shoulder of the animal, held on and pushed as long as he

could, and then, as soon as the horse was thrown over and the bull began goring at its abdomen, made sure that he was on the side of his steed away from the savagely tearing beast. Two horses were used on this bull, the spectators laughing and clapping hands in glee. But this is, some say, the least part of the Corrida. It does, however, tire the bull.

Banderillas! A youthful toreador grasped a pair of the long, tape-wound sticks with the barb-hooked ends, and ran out to the middle of the whitewashed ring in the center of the arena. Poised gracefully on his toes, waving the barbs, he attracted the attention of the Toro. The infuriated creature rushed to meet —only a new and more excrutiating kind of pain! A cleverly placed pair! The bullfighter ran straight toward his object, swerving just as the sharp horns seemed about to enter his body, and lunged forward on tiptoe, from the side; then ran back. The bull leaped, squirmed, bellowed, trying to bite at the two keen, flapping things which would not come out of his shoulders. Indeed a cleverly placed pair; and cries to that effect came from the now thoroughly excited crowd: "Un buen par!" "Bravo!" "Ah, Martinez!"

Twice repeated, these banderillas, until the enraged beast was rushing madly, wildly, about the circle. Suddenly the trumpet sounded! Time for the matador!

"Ah," breathed Solita, "now, something."

Jaime started, looked at her. He had been as interested in the fight as she, but now— he wondered. The fickle Solita! The fickle Solita?

Out walked Salvator, out, out, till he faced the wife of the Governor. "Senora!" Bowing low, he tossed his hat to her. What a grand tradition, this handsome gesture! She smiled.

Slowly he walked to the center of the ring; firmly in his right hand he gripped his great scarlet cape, quite different from the lighter, smaller cloak of the toreador; he held his sword in the same hand, at an angle from the stick which held firm the top of the heavy cloth.

Stamping his foot impatiently, he attracted the bull—who had been watching the toreadors, once again forming in the semi-circle about the rim of the arena—to himself. Wildly, head down, tail stiffly out-thrust behind, the bull charged the cape; gracefully

Salvator stepped aside, twisted the cloak, brought the creature back again. An exquisite chest-high pass!

Raptly, Solita gazed at the matador. "Ah," she murmured, "that is indeed a man!"

"Pah!" spat Jaime. "That is ordinary. And what is a bullfighter? One who must exhibit what anyone else can do, because he is unable to accomplish the other things in which the rest of us succeed!"

Annoyed, Solita glanced at him. Then, softly, bitingly, "You are jealous, Jaime?"

Attention was turned once more to the bullfight. The famous man was executing a series of brilliant manoeuvers, which drew the breathless admiration of the crowd: "Ah, bravo!" "Oyez! Look at that!"

Again Solita murmured something; but just what, Jaime could only guess. He was sullen now; his every remark disparaged the work of Salvator. Finally, "Why must you admire that so? I could do as well—better—with ease!"

Exasperated, Solita mocked him. The fickle Solita! "A dare, Jaime, a dare! Go there, do as well. Do as well, my friend!"

The boy looked at her. She laughed scornfully. Trepidation—and pride—mingled in his unsure, weak smile, ". . . I . . ." He threw down his hat, snatched the red shawl from her shoulders. Holding it on the outstretched cane, he ran down to the barrier, vaulted it, ran toward the bull, tripped on the trailing shawl—fell to his knees.

Jaime saw the bull coming. He must have; for at the last moment, he waved the red cloth over to one side, frantically. Jaime was proud—but he was not a bullfighter.

He felt the shock; felt the searing, terrible pain as the horn pierced through to his stomach. All went numb, then, and a white haze slowly gathered before his eyes. Peculiar, that, he thought. He had always heard that one found things turning black, when one couldn't see. But here it was, white. Yes, so white—burning white, awful white, glaring white—growing hotter, larger as a ball of flame—and in the terrible percussion of his realization of a new sun, Jaime lost consciousness.

They finally attracted the bull, tired of goring this still, quiet victim, to another side,

to continue with the sport; and Jaime was quickly lifted to a stretcher and carried to the hospital, behind the arena.

Coming out of the room in which they had put the boy, the doctor collided with a girl. A tearful girl it was, a girl no longer looking gay, without her scarlet shawl, a rose drooping behind her ear.

"Doctor—the—Jaime!"

"Young fool," commented the man, unpleasantly. "No use of my wasting time here on him. Some good horses over there I have to sew up for the next bull. There's a man with him."

Jaime, suddenly becoming conscious of voices, thought he recognized one of them. He tried to see, but the haze, that misty white haze, was still there. He turned feebly, attempted to speak, but the pain was agonizing, and he subsided.

But the movement had been noticed. "Jaime!" from Solita. How peculiar her voice sounded!

"It was easy . . . I could have done it . . . your shawl . . . too long. . ." The first words hard to understand, the last almost entirely undecipherable. Jaime stirred.

Ceuta is still a very Spanish town. And its people still like bullfights. But the nags of the picadors are padded now, so that the bulls cannot gore them so badly. Solita has grown fatter. She, too, has retained her love for the Toros. She no longer has any ardent admirers; so she must take her greatest pleasure in telling the young ones how "a man once fought a bull for her." But they do not know who it was. Solita never says that Jaime was killed.

THE BROOK

(A translation from Karolina Rudolphi)

O, brook of silver hue and clear,
You hasten by, forever here;
Whilst I on bank do deeply ponder,
From where you come, to where you wander?

I come from dark and rocky bowers,
My course goes over moss and flowers;
And o'er my surface hovers gently,
The deep blue sky's reflection friendly.

Wherefore am I of joyful spirit?
It drives me on, I just flow with it;
Who called me from yon dark inside—
He, I think, will be my Guide.

Eugene M. Lang.

●

THE ROMANTIC PLEA

By Maximilian Price

The pen was made for the delight of man,
Ere discontent the world o'erran,
And only to soothe and refresh the mind,
For such a purpose—and only that kind.

To degrade the base it was not created,
Nor worldly evils has it motivated;
But garnished human thoughts with art,
Of meditation has made beauty part.

Give me not the cynic's gloomy view of life,
A world of nought but passion and of strife;
For where the fire burns bright with blazing light,
There Romance and I shall spend the night;

With Chaucer and Spenser, and the greatest Bard;
With aristocratic Milton, the Muses' guard;
Whose grave is marked with Memory's mound,
Reading his verses of magnificent sound.

Burning Shelley, shedding an angry tear,
To mourn Adonais' brief career;
All—all still live before my eyes—
The charm of Romance has made me wise.

Give me no childish rhymes that deride,
What is to some fool his only pride;
No, give me a song, splendid yet fine,

RAMBLINGS

By Victor Friedman

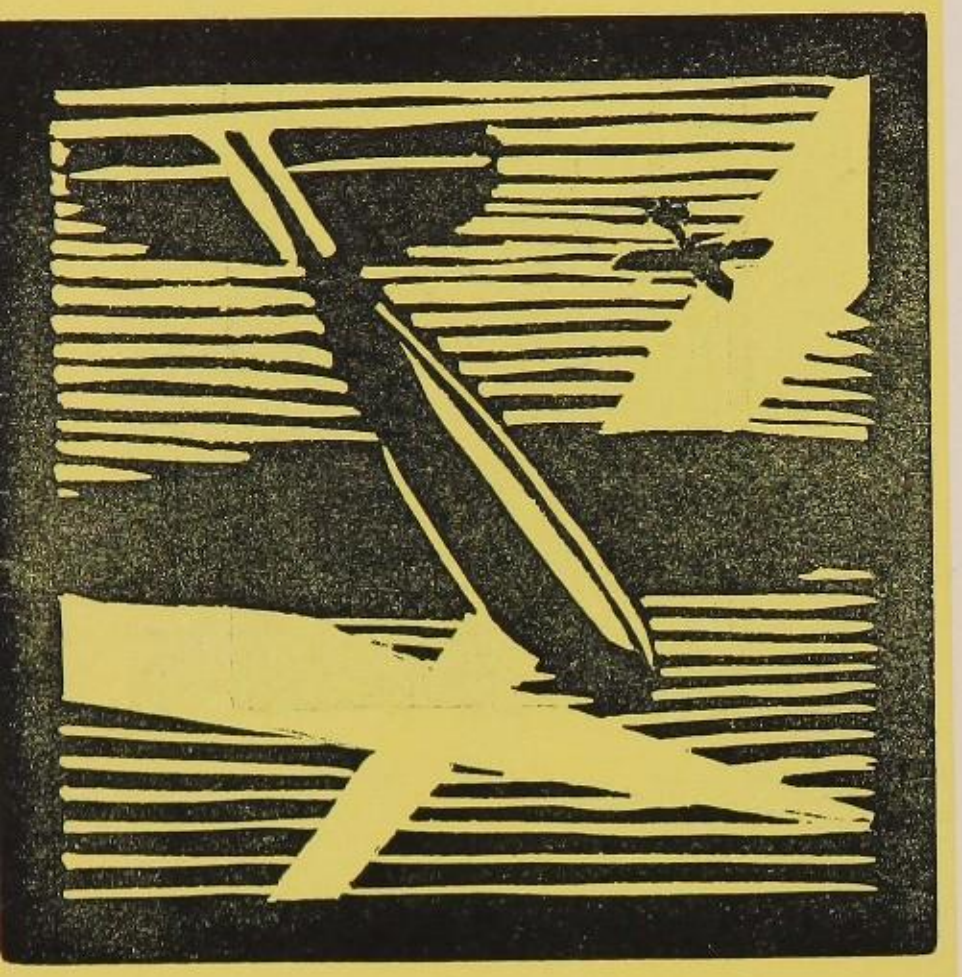
I

I have come to a long planned decision. I have just left the office with my last pay envelope. The chief was not surprised, as I could tell by his parting remark: "Roam around to your heart's content, then come back to your fires, Rotary luncheons, and fight passes. If there's a position open, I'll give it to you. Good-bye and good luck." So here I am, eager to begin my second "Wanderjahr."

A thousand separate melodies, a thousand separate rhythms—the paper is going to press. The clackety-clack, clackety-clack of the presses, the hiss of the hot lead being poured into the forms, the thumping of quarter-ton rolls of paper being rolled along the floor are all molded into a discordant, mighty roar.

The cause of this upheaval is ten stories farther up, directed by the editor-in-chief. The telegraph room—a long line of green shaded operators, each with his instrument clicking before him. Hong Kong, Paris, The Hague, San Francisco—all are pouring their modern gossip into his trained ears. The city room—long lines of desks. Typewriters, impelled by men busily recording their day's assignments, chatter incessantly. Farther down the monotonous thump of the linotype machines drowns out the preoccupied whistling of the type setters. The paper is going to press . . .

The train is pounding into the station. One slight shove from the mob around me and I'd be crushed beneath those shining wheels. We are packed inside the train like the proverbial sardines. The roar is deafening, and the shuddering jars causes the animated sardines to sway in unwilling unison. Hot breaths cause the short hairs on my neck to stand up in revulsion. A girl crushed between two huskies is reading "When Knighthood Was In Flower."



II

The evening is intolerably hot. From my window seat in the hotel opposite the Union Station, I am gazing down upon that great, square building, lit up and apparently vibrant with the mechanical and human energy being expended in it. The towering stone walls, marble columnades, and stone flights of steps give it an appearance of dignity which is soon belied by the soot on the walls and on the high arched windows. An endless procession of taxi cabs scurry up, discharge their loads, and scurry away. "Red Caps" hurry up, show rows of shining teeth, take your valises, and disappear. The immense, Neon-lighted clock over the entrance beams benevolently on the passers-by, hurrying them up or slowing them down, according to his whims.

To my right I can see a corner of the railroad yard. The unloading platform appears in it, with a row of freight cars being emptied. The stevedores' naked backs glisten as they pass to and fro under the powerful lamps.

I took down my old brown bag and dusted it off . . .

III

The steward showed me to my seat at a table for six in the dining room. A man in a black dinner jacket sat opposite me. His unmistakable appearance caused me to chuckle reminiscently, for it was over fifteen years since I had seen his type on a trans-Atlantic liner. He was a professional gambler. Perfect example of the "poker face." His eyes expressed nothing, while his pale complexion gave evidence of sleepless nights in smoke-filled rooms. His hands were long, well-kept, and slim, the hands of a man of talent in a profession where the old adage, "The hand is quicker than the eye," must be proven again and again. His clothes were well-cut, but worn, and of a style outmoded by several years.

He looked at me for a moment and, evidently dissatisfied by what he saw, turned and gazed at a man seated at a nearby table. This fellow was the direct opposite of my aloof companion. He ate with enjoyment and noisy evidence of it. He had a pink, frank face that could conceal nothing, and innocent blue eyes that took in all the sights of a first trip abroad.

The next move depended on my gambling friend, and I knew what it would be. After the dinner I followed them out to the promenade deck, where I soon saw them engaged in an animated conversation.

They then passed me, bound, I knew, for the gambler's stateroom. The purser happened to stop near me and I asked him if he knew the man in the dinner jacket.

"That fellow?" he replied. "He's Steven Allyn, the chess champion of the United States. He's making a world tour and playing the champions of each country."

IV

England in October . . .

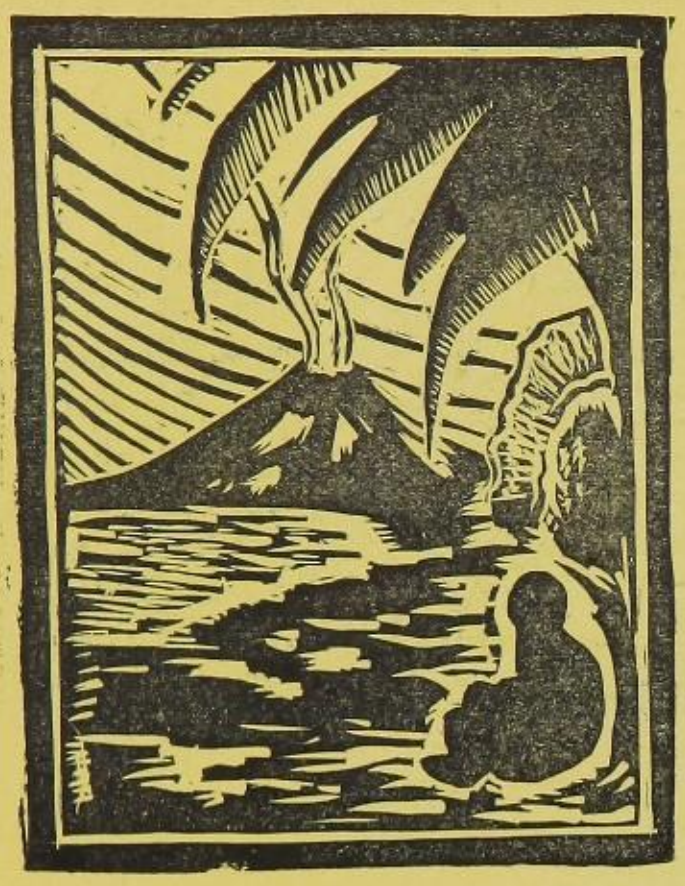
I sat down at the summit a moment to catch my breath and take in the autumnal scene about me. Brown leaves, shaken from slumbering trees, scurried around me, danced in joyous whirlpools, and ended their short existence piled up against lichen-covered fences. A dead branch cracked under the terrific strain with the noise of a pistol shot and bounced into the road, missing an automobile by a very narrow margin. The car, an old Austin, was approaching in an extremely undignified manner. Its rear end was foremost, and the motor, proud of its rear guard position, was roaring defiance at the invisible blasts that pushed it along. When the car was opposite me, it stopped, and a young man leaped lightly over the side. With remarkable strength he swung the car into its normal position. He re-entered the rattletrap and, panting from his exertions, gazed about him. Noticing me, my fellow knight of the road winked solemnly and released the brake. The car slid silently down the hill under some mysterious motive power.

A scarecrow flapped its limp arms and hurled dumb imprecations at the crows wheeling above. White, billowy clouds raced across the blue sky like clipper ships bound for home in a pleasant wind. A young boy in overalls chased his ragged straw hat across a fallow field, finally falling upon it in triumph.

I got up and walked towards the rising sun.

V

"La Gioconda," whom I hadn't seen for



many years, was still smiling sardonically down upon the gaping throngs . . .

Paul greeted me enthusiastically and regaled me with anecdotes and prophesies of his soon expected triumph as a playwright, but with no substance. We supped at "Le Couchon Rouge," where the same crowd still settled the world's problems amidst an unworldly clamor and read, played, or exhibited their masterpieces amidst much sincere criticism. While sipping our beers, I asked the question that was uppermost in my mind.

"Whatever happened to Marie?"

"She married M. Henoch, a prominent producer."

"Not Ignatius!" I cried, forgetting Marie at the sudden shock.

"Yes, Ignatius," morosely replied Paul. "He decided that he'd make a better producer than writer, and so he did."

We sat in silence for a while.

"And she said she'd wait," we both remarked simultaneously.

Paul sprang up with a shout, his face turning a dangerous red. "Traitor!"

At this moment one of his few and far-between sparks of brilliancy burst into flame, and he collapsed into his chair.

"Why didn't I think of it before?" he muttered. "We can use Marie to persuade Ignatius to produce my play."

"Why we?" I asked, with a feeling of trepidation, for I remembered Paul's schemes of old.

But there was no avoiding it. That night we called on Marie at her sumptuous apartment. She was not a slim dancer any more, but she still had her exuberant spirits, as I found out to my sorrow late that night. All I can remember is that the party gained members and black cats as it went along. I have a confused recollection of throwing sour candy balls at some swans and holding a gendarme down while Marie gave him a close haircut with a pair of pliers. I woke up in a second class compartment of the Rome express with a splitting headache and a horse-shoe tied to the lapel of my coat.

VI

A feeling of dread and mystery fell upon me long before I came in sight of the catacombs, long before I reached the thorned, dried shrubs about it. The gnarled oaks

along the way beseeched me to turn back. An early owl screeched a shrill warning, but I was determined to prove that the story of my Italian guide was a superstitious rumor.

I selected a spot about ten yards from the entrance, which was in a hillside, and sat down to wait. The entrance was nothing but a square, black hole, that frustrated my attempts to peer into its depths. A white pillar, broken off about three feet from its base in front of the entrance, gave it the appearance of a huge, gaping jaw.

The sun had set entirely by this time, and an ominous stillness made the night ring in my ears. At last, what I was waiting for appeared. An eerie light flickered for a moment and disappeared. A low wailing issued forth from the very bowels of the place. The light reappeared a moment later and bathed the grounds around me in a fierce glow. The low wailing grew into a solemn chant. I waited not for the result of this phenomenon, but got up and dashed ignominously away along the protecting road by which I had come.

VII

I hastened up to the crowd of natives and policemen standing around something lying prostrate in the sand. It was the body of an old beach comber whom I had seen several times during my short stay in Hawaii. Half-buried in the sand was a leather-bound notebook, which I pocketed hastily and, as the crowd melted away, proceeded to read.

"On the beach again. I am sitting in the scant shade of a palm tree and gazing at the familiar scene about me.

"The long, low waves rush up at me with a sullen roar. Each one scolds me in the same tone my schoolmaster used to use, but all say the same thing.

" 'On the beach again . . .'

"The extinct volcano in the distance, towering above the clouds in all its ugliness and majesty, frowns down upon me. A few Kanaka divers race for home in their outrigged canoes. Their gleeful voices reach me on the late afternoon breezes, and I am jealous of their simple existence. A rusty, red hulled steamer sails swiftly by. It is going home. I can picture everything aboard it, from the loose speaking tube in the engine

room to the bridge, knocked awry by a falling crane during a monsoon that cost me my master's ticket.

"The sandy shore extends for miles on either side of me. It is not clean and white like Faringford Beach, just below the Manor, in the autumn, but tawny and scarred, littered with flasks and broken bottles that glitter in the rays of the setting sun, rotting driftwood, cast upon the shore like . . ."

I tossed the book as far out to sea as I could, and prayed that he might forgive me for reading as far as I did.

VIII

I am back at my desk again, hearing familiar sounds and passing through familiar situations, but the great burden of unrest has been removed from my heart. A thousand separate melodies, a thousand separate rhythms—the paper is going to press . . .

•

SUCCESS

Now Apollo's chariot ends
Its course across the sky;
Now the workman homeward wends
With many a weary sigh.

Dull and drear is the dragging day
For them whose efforts lead to nought,
For them who toil and them who may
Achieve not what they sought.

'Tis not creations by our souls
That make the hours flee,
For oft attained, those conquered goals
Refuse to set us free.

Ambition kindles in our breast
A craving for success;
And though we've far surpassed the best,
Passed, too, is happiness.

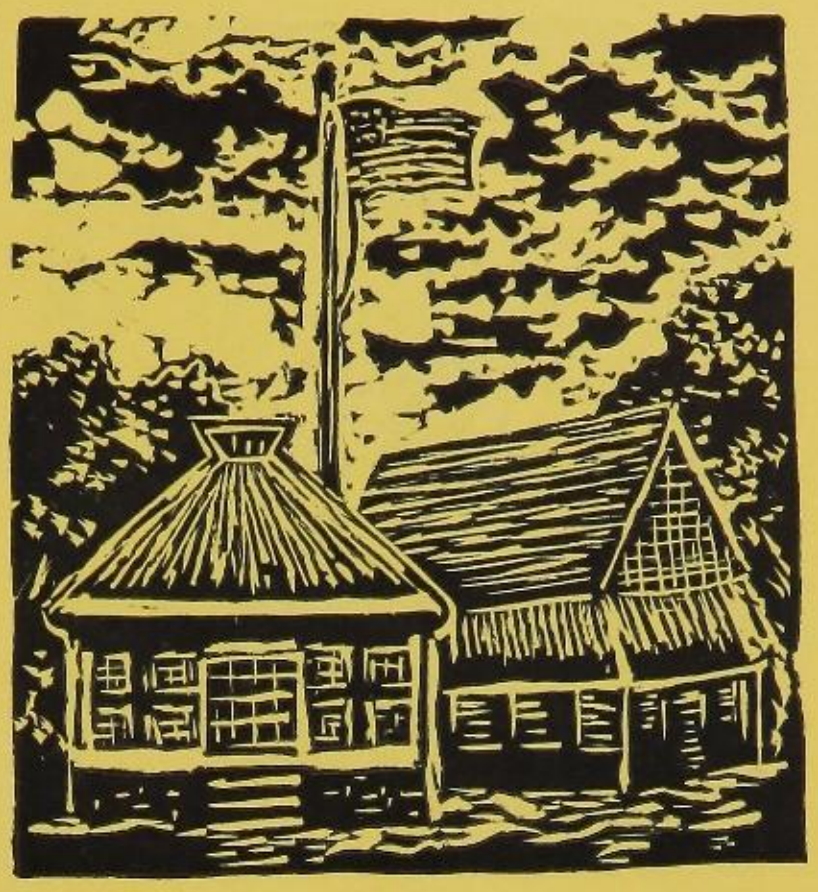
So 'tis not greatness of the deed
That makes a day well born,
But the achievement of that need
For which we aimed at morn.

Then, when Dian in silver dress,
Smiles down on Mother Earth,
If 'twas a day of true success,
It was a day of worth,
And thus a day of happiness,
An eve of joy and mirth.

Henry Maas.

MR. TOWNSEND HARRIS

By Maximilian Price



Summer was dying, and the last, sere leaves of now-barren trees rustled as the wind disturbed them. Vernal fertility had given way to golden abundance, which was now succeeded by the advent of premature winter. The farmers hurried to complete the last details of their harvesting before the deadly frost might approach. Amidst all this hurry and confusion, Townsend Harris was born in 1804 at Sandy Hill, New York. Little notice was paid to the occasion since Townsend Harris was the youngest of a large family which struggled hard to sustain itself.

Mrs. Harris, however, petted and pampered Townsend whenever her numerous activities permitted her absence. When Jonathan Harris said that he was financially unable to send Townsend to school, his wife gladly assumed the position of teacher and gave her son his first knowledge of the conventional studies. She also imparted to him the tendency to read good literature, a thing which he later did mechanically, rather than intentionally.

At the age of thirteen, Townsend braved the manifold perils of the great City of New York, where he was employed in a dry goods store. He worked industriously until he joined in partnership with his father and brother in the crockery and earthenware business. He advanced creditably in his profession, proving the value of the honesty which he practiced.

Perhaps because of his own youthful desire for instruction and the partial frustration of his hopes in that direction, Harris became interested in popular education. As a Democrat he was elected to the Board of Education and later was chosen president of that body. He proposed a Free Academy, and fought the opposition of Columbia and the University of the City of New York, both private institutions, requiring payment for their tuition. Many of his friends tried to dissuade him, but Harris, convinced that he was right (as no doubt he was), refused to hear them. He fought single-handed, but in the end he triumphantly carried through the legislation which founded the present College of the City of New York. Harris is acclaimed as "almost the creator" of that organization,

and it is true that his incorruptibility, his just convictions, and his perseverance were of primary importance to the successful outcome of the issue.

After the death of his mother, who had had great influence upon her son, Harris followed what his ancestors would probably have termed "the road of dissipation." Because of the demands of his public duties and the extravagance of his conviviality, Harris neglected business, thereby causing the partnership with his brother to be dissolved. Having only temporarily deserted his Puritan views, Harris soon promised reform and purchased an interest in a trading vessel bound for California, around Cape Horn. At the destination he assumed full ownership and spent the next five years in trading and exploring voyages, which finally resulted in financial disaster. During these voyages Harris acquired a vast knowledge of Oriental culture.

When Commodore Perry, passing through China, en route to Japan, stopped at Shanghai, Harris sought a position with the expedition, but his services were refused. In 1853 he applied for the consulship at either Hong Kong or Canton, but received the minor port of Ningpo. Harris was rather ambitious, so, having been disappointed in his request, he sought the aid of William L. Marcy and William H. Seward. His injured feelings aroused much sympathy at Democratic headquarters, and Harris was appointed Consul General to Japan. On his way to that country he concluded a favorable treaty with Siam, but the greatest task was to obtain a personal interview with the Shogun. Stranded near Yokohama, after eighteen months of parleying, he succeeded in meeting Premier Di, whom he convinced of the necessity of the treaty by citing examples of violence employed by the European powers in China. Harris remained Minister General at Yido until Lincoln was elected president in 1861. He then became an ardent War Democrat. Harris never married during the seventy-four years of his life.

As a diplomat, Harris followed the usual policies of his contemporaries, except that he was exceedingly honest, resisting as long as possible the avaricious demands of mercy. No doubt he shone in his international service, but his greatest achievement was probably the foundation of the Free Academy, a beacon for later enterprises of similar nature —a creation which will live as long as the untold riches of education are appreciated.

AS CANINES GO

By Lady Agatha the Third
In Collaboration with
Irving Levenson

My goodness, when I hear these so-called human beings discussing us canines as though we were inferior beings, it makes me mad. What have they over us, anyhow, that makes them think they're the high—whatever it is—and walk around with their chests stuck out so far that the buttons on their vests are liable to pop off? (By the way, we animals term ourselves canines, not dogs. A dog in our language is a tramp in yours. And after all, Lady Agatha the Third, Champion, and blue ribbon winner five times, cannot very well be termed a tramp, eh?)

And another thing; in what way are these humans better than we? Have they got nice, sleek, warm hair like ours? Most certainly they haven't. When winter comes they have to bundle up with only their noses showing, and still they shiver. I've often wondered how they manage to move about, loaded down as they are like persons with Christmas presents. And did you ever see those women, with their hair covering their ears completely, or wound fancily around their necks, like tails? You would think they were afraid of having their dirty ears seen. Humph! And last, but not least, they talk about their petty love affairs as though they were the only living creatures that made love. Say, did you ever see two doves cooing, or snakes necking? (They're all neck it seems to me.) Indeed, we animals can truthfully ask—what have you humans that we haven't? And that is where my story comes in.

It's about three characters—four, to be exact. Myself (I'm a collie, with long, brown and white beautiful hair, a perfectly shaped head (the judges say all this), and a very friendly disposition, except when my ire's aroused.) Next comes Sir Colvin the ninth, Champion, and the snubbiest canine you ever saw or smelt. Third, is my mistress' baby. I like the little tot, although she does annoy me frightfully at times by pulling my hair and twitching my ears. But she is sweet—in fact, all we canines of Mitsville, N. J. love her. Fourth, is something or other; he's a

dog, there's no doubt about that. But what kind is beyond me. Anyhow, his name is Beebo. He's tremendous in size, always dirty (he belongs to no one), and professes to adore me. Such humiliation! Well, that about completes the list of characters; so on with my tale. (No pun intended.)

One day, after returning by car from a dog show in which Sir Colvin and I carried away the honors, I was permitted to go to the village for a little jaunt before being turned in for the night. As I was pacing slowly along the sidewalk (and being accorded my due respect), I noticed Sir Colvin carrying on a flirtation with a sheephound of some low breed. At sight of me, however, he left her and raced over to my side.

"Har-ya, Aggie," he grinned. "How's the old gal? We sure carried away the show today."

"Yes, and due to no credit of yours," I replied testily. "Your mistress certainly beauty-parlored you up sleek. Why, you smell like a room full of perfume."

"Well, you're not exactly a pansy yourself," he grinned in return. "But never mind that. How about a little smacker, huh?"

"Humph," I barked, my nose so high in the air that it grew cold. "I'd sooner kiss—" I looked around for an object of my feelings, and beheld Beebo pacing lumborously down the street. Whenever I see that dog he's always going nowhere—slowly. I don't believe he could get up enough energy to shake a fly off his tail. He's big, and clumsy, a cross between a shepherd and a great dane. His tail reminds one of a mountain road, winding up and down and landing goodness knows where. His thick matty fur is always covered with burrs, while the idiotic, senseless grin that spreads over his countenance continuously, seems to fit him perfectly. He's a sort of fixture in town. He lives on scraps that people throw him, sleeps half the time and the other half he is busy looking for food. Nobody knows where he came from, and everybody wishes he would return soon. He's amiable, and good-natured, but not the sort of animal to add prestige to our little town.

Still hot from Sir Colvin's retort, I added, snapping, "I'd sooner kiss—yes—Beebo, there." No sooner had I uttered these words than I regretted them. Sir Colvin was a great punster and practical joker. If I didn't live

up to my words, I would have a dreadful time in town.

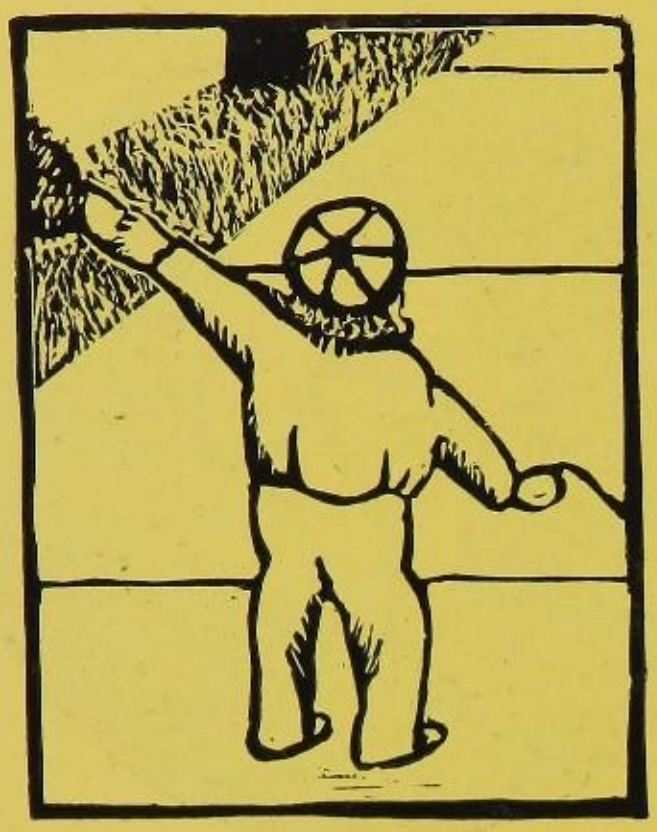
"You don't say," he growled meaningly, his eyes aglitter. "Well," he turned around and motioned toward that disreputable sheephound who had edged up. "There's a witness. I DARE you to live up to your words."

I turned cold with fright and shame. Me, Lady Agatha the Third, to kiss such a—oh, words fail me. It was frightful. The very thought sickened me. But yet I couldn't refuse. The disgrace of kissing him would be much better than the thought of what the other canines would say. You see, I have a sort of reputation in town of never having refused to take a dare. I'm something like that human fellow, Steve Brodie, I think his name was.

By this time Beebo was close to us, his large tongue hanging out, his eyes half-closed oblivious to all that was happening. "Well," grunted Sir Colvin, "I'm waiting." He flicked his tail in satisfaction. He had me in a pickle and knew it.

Coming to a decision I stepped over to Beebo, grimaced, and licked his face rapidly, once. Why, you should have seen the expression on that creature's countenance. His eyes popped open wide, his body seemed to shrivel, and from his throat issued the queerest sound I have ever heard; something like the baa of a sheep. Glancing at Sir Colvin, I saw him wriggling with joy, his mouth open in complete ecstasy. Giving a short bark of contempt, I walked rapidly away. I, Lady Agatha, to be humiliated in such a manner!

Well, the next day everyone knew of this event. Sir Colvin saw to that. And how he gloated. Wherever I went I was met with glances that would never before have been cast my way. It soon grew totally unbearable. And to augment this tragic state of affairs, that mutt—that—dog, Beebo, as though not realizing why I had shown such affection for him, followed me around wherever I went, like a bodyguard. Never would he let me out of his sight. Occasionally he tried to get into our house, but my mistress saw to his staying out, thank goodness. My mistress and master, quite naturally, could not understand what was going on. All they saw was this simply horrible, ugly, despicable hound, following me wherever I went. And to say the least, they were displeased. But the worst one, by far, was that—dog, Sir Colvin. When-



ever he saw me, with my shadow close behind, he would set up the most awful gyrations, barking and yelling, and acting like a six month's old puppy.

This state of affairs went on for about a week, and let me tell you it was awful. No matter where I went, there was this mutt following me, never letting me out of his sight. And you should have heard the remarks those dogs uttered, as they saw us. "Hi ya, Aggie, how's your shadow?" "Doing anything tonight?" It was simply unbearable. Once, exasperated beyond measure, I turned towards Beebo and cried: "Will you PLEASE let me alone, and follow somebody else? Chase your shadow; do anything but get out of my sight." He only grinned, displaying yellow, ugly, teeth. I gave up in despair.

Exactly eight days after the beginning of this—what shall I call it, martyrdom?—I was walking with my mistress who was wheeling the carriage with the baby inside. Behind me, as usual, paced Beebo. Once or twice my mistress attempted to "shoo" him away, but after retreating for a few paces he loped back, that idiotic grin spread over his entire face. In disgust, my mistress decided to tolerate him, and I, of course, completely ignored the dog. After about an hour's enjoyable walking (it was a beautiful morning), we entered the edge of the woods which skirted our county, and presently found ourselves at the top of a rather high hill which led at a steep grade to the icy waters of the lake, far below. It was a beautiful sight; the tall trees waving gently too and fro around us, the waters rippling softly below, the low hum of insects as they went merrily about their tasks, the sweet singing of the birds in the branches; I was thrilled to my very marrow. (My goodness, I never realized I was that poetic.)

My mistress set the carriage (its lock for the wheel being broken) against a rock, and seating herself on a stone slab, started to read a book she had brought along. I was about to go off in search of butterflies, when I heard a terrific howling, as of a dozen dogs barking at once. Beebo, who had remained near the carriage, (he had a keen affection for the child) perked his scraggedly ears at the sound.

A moment later we saw Sir Colvin, his tail waving like a flag on a windy day, come racing full speed straight for us. Behind him

ran a troop of the most disreputable dogs I have ever seen. I could see with little effort that Sir Colvin was out to insult me further.

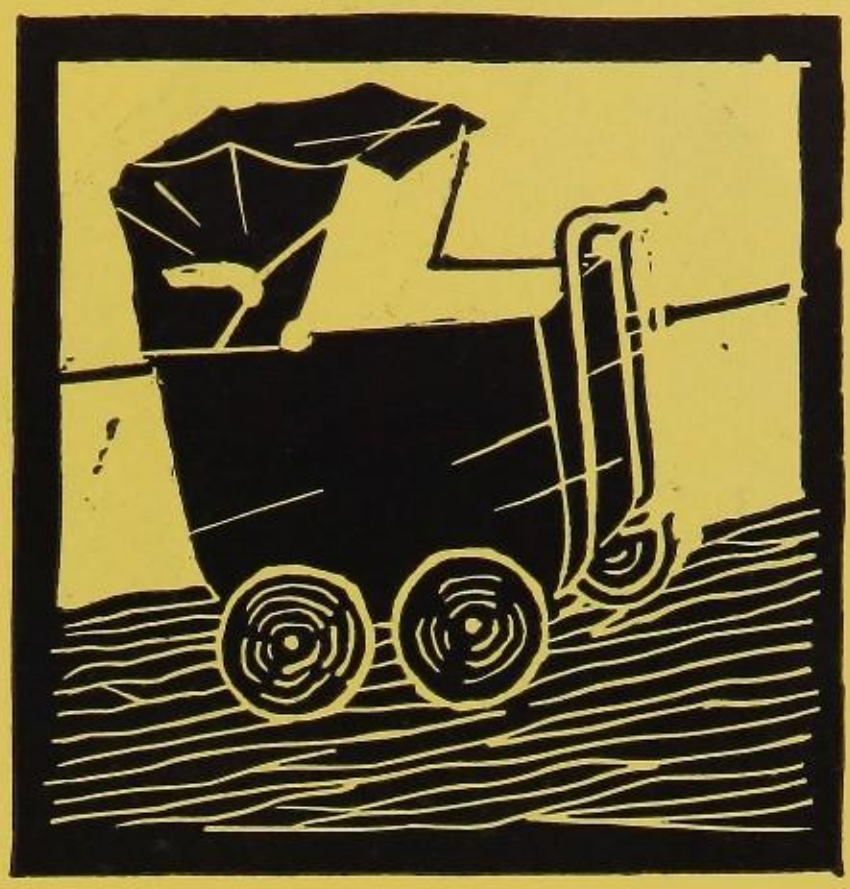
I don't think Sir Colvin realized how close he was to us, as he came running, like the wind; otherwise he might have acted with more caution. There is a little knoll just before the top of the hill, and at the crest, stood the carriage, with the goo-ing baby inside, playing with a rattle.

As Sir Colvin came charging up at full speed, he suddenly saw the carriage and tried his best to stop. His efforts were so earnest that for a moment I thought I was witnessing the emergency stop of a speeding locomotive. His four wheel brakes, however, failed to aid him, and head first, he went crashing into the carriage. The carriage quivered for an instant, wobbled, then, slowly at first, increasing in speed as it went, started rolling down the steep incline of the hill, straight for the lake!

My mistress sprang to her feet, horrified, unable to think or act. Sir Colvin staggered on his legs, dazed from the shock. I was too far away to do anything. At that moment I saw something streak down the hill and head for the swiftly moving carriage. It was Beebo. His head lowered, his tail dragging the ground, his ears flattened, he fairly flew, trying to overhaul that four-wheeled holacaust. In all my life, I have never seen a canine run as fast as that animal did. I would never have believed that Beebo could have gotten up so much energy.

The carriage was going fast, but slowly the flying animal was drawing closer. Now it was more than fifty feet from the edge of the lake, but Beebo was abreast of it, and drawing a little ahead. Now he was in front of it! We could see Beebo strain himself an instant, then sprang sidewise, in front of the carriage, and stand stock still. How he did it is entirely beyond me. All I know is that it must have required plenty of strength. Crash! With a dull thud the carriage smashed into the big hulk and knocked him over. Again it hit him, but with much abated force. Then, stopped by his now motionless body, it stopped. From where we watched, we could hear the baby crying softly.

Two weeks later I was strolling down Main Street, alongside Beebo. His entire body, practically, was swathed in bandages, and he walked with difficulty, but that same, happy, idiotic grin diffused his features. Around his



neck was a license tag, proclaiming him to be the property of my master and mistress. As we walked, I nodded briefly to my acquaintances, aware of the honor he bestowed on me by accompanying me. You can be certain that I was envied. Beebo was indeed the hero of the town! As we walked, I saw Sir Colvin, his head bandaged, and his tail between his legs, sulking. Ever since that momentous day he had been a complete outcast, disgraced. As I passed him, I held my head high, at the same time glancing admiringly at Beebo. As I said before, I always knew there was something else to Beebo besides his good looks.

●

EURIAH SNELL

Richard Cohen

Prologue

I desire to tell
Of Euriah Snell.

Please do not flee,
But bear with me,
And I'll unfold,
In a manner bold,
The tale oft told
Of old Eury.

I

When a boy,
He was a curse;
As a youth,
He was still worse.

II

When he left college,
He lacked no knowledge;
But he was shy
On how to apply
The fundamentals
And incidentals
They tried to grind
Into his mind—
But as you can guess,
Without success.

III

Since he thought he knew all the tricks,
He entered local politics;
Because he was a prodigious dub,
He was let into the Tammany Club.

IV

Soon beyond his wildest dreams
Euriah was judge in the Borough of Queens;
Because to court he never came late,
He was made a Surrogate.

V

Because he wanted to be more famous,
He branded himself an ignoramus,
(Unwittingly, though, I must confess)
By writing a verdict of 9,000 words,
Ninety hundred, no more, no less.

VI

Because he was the worst of all,
He was installed in City Hall.
There he reigned for over a year,
Without applause,
Without a cheer.

VII

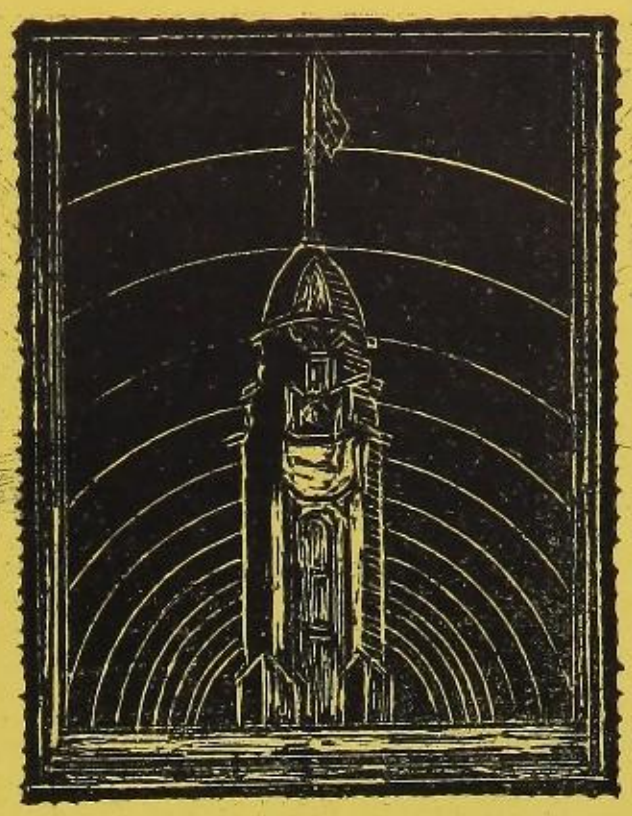
They mocked his eyes, his jaw, his face,
They hounded poor Eury all over the place;
But in November the folks grew tired,
And so another Mayor hired.

And this, I am sorry to tell,
Spelled finis for Eury Snell.

Epilogue

Oh, where is Eury, where is he?
Let me confirm your hopes, your fears,
He still does nothing constantly,
Just as he's done for sixty years.

That was the story of Eury Snell,
I hope you have attended well;
So all join in and toll his knell,
Hæle, Eury! Farewell, Snell!



THE PHILOSOPHER

A Play in One Act
By Harold Fleck

Dramatis Personae

Dr. Frandpoodle, **a professor of Ethics; a timid, scholarly man; he is small of stature, and he blinks his eyes incessantly behind dark-rimmed glasses.**

Mrs. Frandpoodle, **wife of the professor; a stout woman of very excitable nature; her attitude is always of great respect for her husband.**

Detective Solomon, **an amateur detective; friend of the Frandpoodles.**

Mr. Crabstone, **friend of Solomon and the Frandpoodles.**

Approdite, **colored maid of the Frandpoodles; her outstanding characteristic is the presence of two buck teeth in her upper jaw.**

Scene: **Parlor of the Frandpoodles. This is a huge room on the ground floor of their home. To the right is a French door leading to the side street; through it pours the light from a street lamp. At the center, to the rear, is a highly decorative fireplace. Above it, on the wall, is a huge picture. At the center, to the foreground, is a large table, fancifully carved. There is an electric table lamp on it, and a few chairs of an antique nature placed about it. To the left is a staircase leading to the bedrooms. The walls are crowded with pictures of all sizes.**

Scene I

Prof.: **You see, my dear, I have won again, and now I shall retire to my study. (He gets up from the chair.)**

Mrs. F.: **It's very early, and why must you work so hard? I really believe that you won't be appreciated for such labor.**

Prof. **(removing his glasses and blinking violently): The recompense for intellectual work is not perceived, but rather . . . conceived . . . ahem . . . ahem . . . that is, my dear, the joy is brought forth through the medium of the means and not through the end achieved. That inner joy that only the rational being can experience, is all mine. That is the only joy we should desire . . . nothing else, for all other pleasures are vain . . . futile . . . sensuous . . . Continence is the only road to freedom . . . ah, yes! Good night, my dear.**

Mrs. F. (faltering): That's true . . . oh, of course. Good night. (The professor walks very slowly to the left and climbs the stairs as though in deep thought. Mrs. Frandpoodle remains seated. She pushes the chessmen about absent-mindedly. Looking up, her gaze rests on the French door. She gives a slight start, draws back a bit, and appears somewhat frightened. She gets up from the chair and calls "Approdite." The maid enters from the left.)

Appr.: Did you call, mam?

Mrs. F.: Yes, Approdite, I want you to run over to Detective Solomon's home to tell him to come here immediately.

Appr.: Yes, mam. (She goes out to the left.) (Mrs. Frandpoodle sits down, draws the table lamp closer to her and continues to play with the chessmen. Occasionally she looks about the room nervously and mutters incoherently to herself. After a few minutes Approdite enters.)

Appr.: They're here, mam.

Mrs. F.: Please show them in, Approdite. (Approdite goes out to the left, and Detective Solomon and Mr. Crabstone enter.)

Det. S. and Mr. C.: Good evening, Mrs. Frandpoodle.

Mrs. F.: (Ignoring the salutation and getting up hastily): I'm really so disturbed, Detective Solomon . . . oh, my . . . Last night, and in fact, for the last few nights, Approdite and I have been hearing strange noises come from that door over there (pointing to the French door), and Approdite believes that someone enters every night. We're so frightened that we don't even look, but hide ourselves in our bedrooms . . . oh, my!

Det. S. (On his face is a sagacious look. Before speaking he gives a piece of gum in his mouth a vicious bite.) At what time does it usually occur?

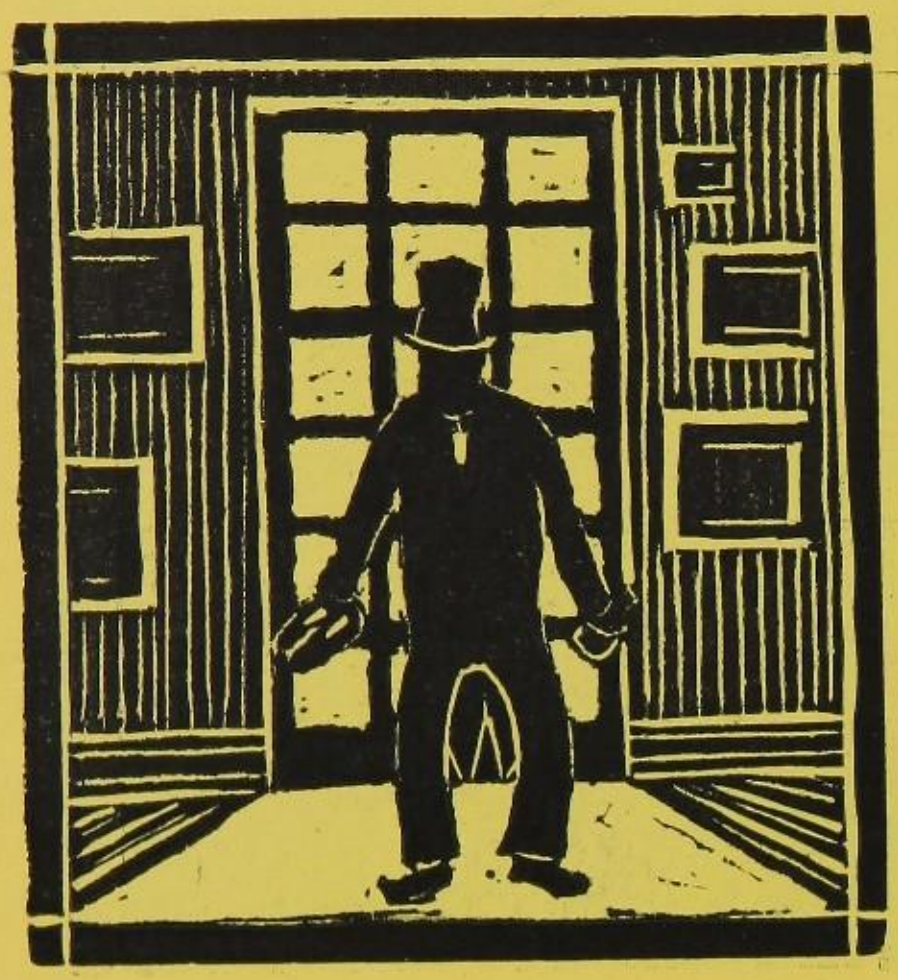
Mrs. F.: Almost always at three o'clock in the morning.

Det. S. and Mr. C.: Ah!

Det. S.: And does your husband know of it?

Mrs. F. Oh, no; the professor does not know, for he remains in his study until late, and then he goes to bed; besides, I wouldn't tell him, for it would disturb his peace of mind. (Mr. Crabstone, on hearing the word "professor," begins humming a melancholy tune, which sounds a great deal like a dirge.)

Det. S.: In that case, I believe we'd all better wait until three o'clock and then catch the culprit red-handed.



Mr. C.: By all means!

Mrs. F.: (looking from one to the other): Do you really think so?

Det. S. and Mr. C.: Oh, yes, indeed!

Mrs. F.: Then be seated gentlemen, and let us wait. (They all sit down.)

Curtain

Scene II

Same room as Scene I. Mr. Crabstone and Mrs. Frandpoodle are slumped in their chairs with their eyes closed. Occasionally, Mr. Crabstone lets out a sonorous snore. Detective Solomon has his eyes barely open. He seems to be enchanted by the sight of the French door. Presently, he opens his eyes wider, looks at his watch, and calls out: "Wake up, it's almost three." Mr. Crabstone and Mrs. Frandpoodle give a start and open their eyes.

Mr. C.: Wattzamatter?

Det. S.: It's almost three. (A pause.)

Mr. C.: Better turn off the lamp, otherwise the light will be seen. (He yawns.)

Mrs. F. (nervously): Is that necessary?

Det. S. and Mr. C.: Why, of course!

Det. S.: And let us hide in various parts of the room. You, Crabstone, by the fireplace; Mrs. Frandpoodle, behind the table; I'll go by the staircase. (He gets up, turns off the light, and moves off toward the staircase. The room is in darkness except for the light shining through the French door. Only the respiratory sounds of the three people can be heard—all else is quiet. Suddenly a shadow appears behind the French door, and a key is heard rattling in the lock. The door opens and a man enters. Outlined against the light, his high hat and well-groomed pants are clearly visible. At first sight he appears to have a gem in his hand, but one soon perceives that it's a whiskey bottle. In his other hand he has a pair of shoes, accounting for the absence of them on his feet. Mrs. Frandpoodle breaks the deathly stillness with an awful cry. The man drops the shoes and the bottle and throws up his hands. At the same moment Mr. Crabstone and Detective Solomon jump on him. After a short struggle they pin him to the ground. Mrs. Frandpoodle approaches the three figures on the floor cautiously. Detective Solomon draws out a pocket-lamp from his pocket, and shines it into the intruder's face.

Det. S.: Mrs. Frandpoodle, do you know this man?

Mrs. F.: Oh, my heavens, yes . . . it's my husband!

Curtain

THE PEOPLE vs. MASTERS

By Mortimer Podell

It was a murder case. Peter Masters, a Negro, was accused of first degree murder. The People charged that he had put a knife in John M'Cutcheon's back. In 1936 the newspapers gave the trial much publicity; for it resembled the recent Scottsboro case in that a Negro was involved.

On January 2, 1936, the selection of a jury was completed. When the trial commenced in earnest on the 3rd, the twelve jury seats were occupied by the following men:

William Thompson, Hyman Krinsky, Ali Gatore, John Norton, Pasquale Romano, Jack Jensen, Mrs. Ada Simmons, Max Schlagel, Charles Hammond, Marty Brown, Leo Michailoff, Mallory Maltbie.

The twelve jurors sat down as one man. They had an expectant, rather tense air. "Movie" murder trials had been seen by several and they were waiting for the usual melodramatic climaxes and smashing speeches. The D. A., Mr. Armour, a man easily identified by his remarkable height and gawkiness, began his preliminary address in a low-pitched voice. "Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, the case . . ." The courtroom throng titesed; there was just one lady in the jury—very funny. Imperviously the attorney's voice droned on, sketching incidents, citing facts. The first witness was called to the stand; silence in the room; the examination was under way.

Thompson, the grocer, was a rather small man with a big lantern jaw that rendered his appearance paradoxical. He thought, "Maybe the trial will be over soon. I hope so. It's too bad I didn't get out of jury duty. Cathy's sick. I should be at home . . . I wonder how she is . . . " Suddenly Armour's voice broke in—"Will you tell the jury what happened then? Speak clearly." And the witness eagerly answered, "He said he would tell that nigger a thing or two!" Marty Brown winced. The remark was like a slap in the face. It was seldom while working on the lift in the Mahnin Building that he heard that branding epithet "nigger." Now he would probably get it during the whole trial. His thick lips parted. Well, he should worry. Sure he was black. But he had his job; he wasn't down South. Unsympathetically, Brown glanced at Masters. "A no-account coon," he thought.

Brown's skin was two shades lighter than his accused compatriot's, and his nose was straighter.

The clothier, Krinsky, was a thick, heavy set man, with a nondescript moustache and friendly, inquiring eyes. He was following the proceedings with evident interest. He worked his ugly, intelligent face convulsively and ruminated, "Business is slow. A little rest will do me good. It makes nice pocket money—the pay I get." He saw Master's stupid, frightened face and remarked half aloud, "Ah, the poor colored man" "Next witness!" cried the court clerk; Krinsky shifted his bulk; he resumed his interest in the trial. A girl, pretty, in a cheap, "imitation" way, hair carefully shingled, shoes with ridiculous spike heels, ascended the stand; she deftly arranged her skirt so that the sheer, transparent hose might not be too concealing. "A good eyeful for those simps on the jury," she thought. It would help to keep the home fires burning —and burn that lousy chocolate bar. She crossed her legs . . . the electrician, Schlagel, sat next to Krinsky. Schlagel was narrow to the core. His old-fashioned spectacles, his thin, bloodless lips, his sharp-nosed face, all these showed what the man was. When Hyman Krinsky muttered aloud, Schlagel shot a look loaded with venom and hate at him. Working at electrical repairs, day in and day out, Schlagel had time to think. He had drawn up an iron-bound indictment against all men whom he did not like; that is, men with noses like Krinsky's and skin like Master's. Chinks and Japs filled out his category of the damned. His sentiments were astonishingly sincere. He thought, "Dirty—! He smells like a sweat-shop!" To Schlagel the testimony was irrelevant. What need had prejudice of evidence? Masters, in Schlagel's mind, was already a dead man.

"That plump little steno has nice lips," whispered Charley Hammond, the demon salesman, to himself—"and legs. Lookit those lips, willya? Like little red trap-doors opening and closing." His watery blue eyes were animated. He pulled at his weak chin. He considered dating her. But the darned trial cramped his style. Still, he was enjoying himself; it was like a free movie; he just sat, and he was being paid for it, too. But that girl . . .

Mrs. Ada Simmons, fat and 60, a department store supervisor, curved her lips and looked at the petite witness contemptuously. She heaved her ample bosom scornfully. "Nasty little snip. Met too many like her.

Type that attracts men. I know. Like that boob over there," she thought, while gazing at Hammond. Mrs. Simmons' glasses gleamed unequivocally; as far as she was concerned the witness' testimony was false. A point in the defendant's favor . . .

"It's a shame that Thompson had to be here, and with a sick wife at home," thought Jensen, the enlightened day-laborer. He looked sympathetically at his friend William. "Too bad." "Intelligent jurymen here. Good citizens . . ." said the defense lawyer. Jensen thought that maybe the Negro wasn't so bad after all. "Sure a lesson would do Thompson good, anyhow." Cathy had been Jensen's girl before Thompson got her. It still hurt. He settled down in his seat and picked at the callouses on his thumb.

Michailoff, professor of sociology, of medium size, but distinguished looking, a man of obvious intellect, and Mallory Maltbie, embryo actor, composed a study in contrasts. The professor appeared entirely and deliberately oblivious of his associates; they were just so much dirt. He followed the proceedings with sleepy, half-closed eyes. Now and then his peculiar blond eyelashes fluttered nervously like butterflies in distress. But Michailoff's brain, an intellectual machine, worked almost involuntarily. "And suppose the Negro did kill a white man. The fellow probably deserved it anyhow. The worm must turn sometime." He pulled down the corners of his lips. "Ah, what fools they all are. Wasting time. Especially the judge." Michailoff knew the price paid for the judgeship . . . His countenance, slightly animated during his soliloquy, resumed its former languorous, somnolent expression.

But Mallory Maltbie wouldn't be caught napping. Not he! His distinguishing characteristics were a pale, ragged, defeated-looking moustache, and a pair of immense silver rimmed glasses, which he nervously put on and took off . Somehow, though, Maltbie was attractive; he looked so earnest, pathetically earnest, so eager to learn, so gentle, that he possessed a kind of charm; there was nothing irritating in his disposition. He was a would-be actor. That's why he sported the terrific name, Mallory Maltbie. He used his position on the jury to good purpose—so he thought. He was gathering dramatic material, watching the faces and movements of the two lawyers; studying the reactions of his associates; memorizing the ponderously judicial tone of the judge. He thought, "Maybe I can portray some of these actions in my next role.

I must get that peculiar inflection . . ." Mallory played the part of a court-room attendant who appeared on the stage for one and one-half minutes. At least he was enjoying himself. But the evidence was not digested.

Pasquale Romano agreed with Charles Hammond. He licked his lips. The girl was pretty. But Pasquale was sober, not frivolous; conscientous, not devil-may-care. That's how he had learned his English. Perseverance . . . night school. He had no time for playing around. Besides, there was the wife. Romano understood the proceedings. His mind was still open . . .

A prominent figure in the jury box was Ali Gatore, spiritualist, fakir, seer. He felt that the dazzling combination of his jet-black, pointed beard and his gleaming, deep-set eyes was most effective. He wrinkled up his forehead. That was to show his evident interest in the testimony. It was only part of it that he got, for he was busy looking exceptionally intelligent. However, Ali sympathized with Masters. After all, a man named McCutcheon . . . He had once been socked by a fellow of that name because he had told McCutcheon's wife she would meet a tall, dark man. The wife spilled the beans. And McCutcheon was blonde. Ali Gatore bore a grudge against the whole Mc— tribe. A vote for the defendant . . .

Perhaps the least blatant and most impressive of the jurymen was John Norton, broker extraordinary. He was the type—steel-gray hair, conservative, expensive suit. . . Norton was fully cognizant of the progress of the trial. He had heard the pleas and evidence with undiminished and judicial attention. True, he was slightly prejudiced because Masters was a Negro; on the other hand, Joe, his chauffeur, was "colored," and Mr. Norton found him an honest, dependable employee. He wondered if the Harvard coach would put his son, John, Jr., into the "big" game. It was a little annoying that he was detained here in New York and would miss it . . .

And the jury, twelve representatives of the People, was complete.

On the next day, January 4, 1936, Judge Raymond called a mistrial. It was discovered that a juror ,one Charles Hammond, had telephoned witness Mae Flamm the previous night. His reasons were unknown, but his actions were illegal. Jurors were to be aloof . . . A week later, on January 11, a new jury of intelligent citizens was paneled and the trial began anew . . .

STONE

By Roger B. Goodman

The cemetery at Breau was noted for the antiquity of some of its tombstones, and the fine examples of Puritan carving which were to be found on most of them. The thing that attracted my attention when I first went there, was not any particular stone or monument, but the man in charge of the grounds.

One could not say for certain that he was old. His springy walk and merry, twinkling eyes belied that. Yet there was something in his voice, a harshness, or maybe a strained, cracked quality, which made him seem old.

He rarely was in the shed erected for his use. He walked through the aisles of tombs, gazing intently at each one. He muttered continuously to himself as he walked, and sometimes he stopped and shook his head as if in despair. He seemed to be looking for something.

He never spoke to visitors except when he shouted "Git offa thar," to some fool who posed for a picture while sitting on some monument. Pat, that was the name of the old keeper, detested being asked over and over again, "How old is that," or, "Whose grave is this?" He ran away from people who approached him to speak with him. He enshrouded himself in an air of mystery.

I first spoke with him on a quiet August evening when the pines surrounding the burial ground nodded sleepily to and fro. The sun, setting rapidly in the distance, covered the area with a golden glow which was becoming mellower every minute. All seemed to rest.

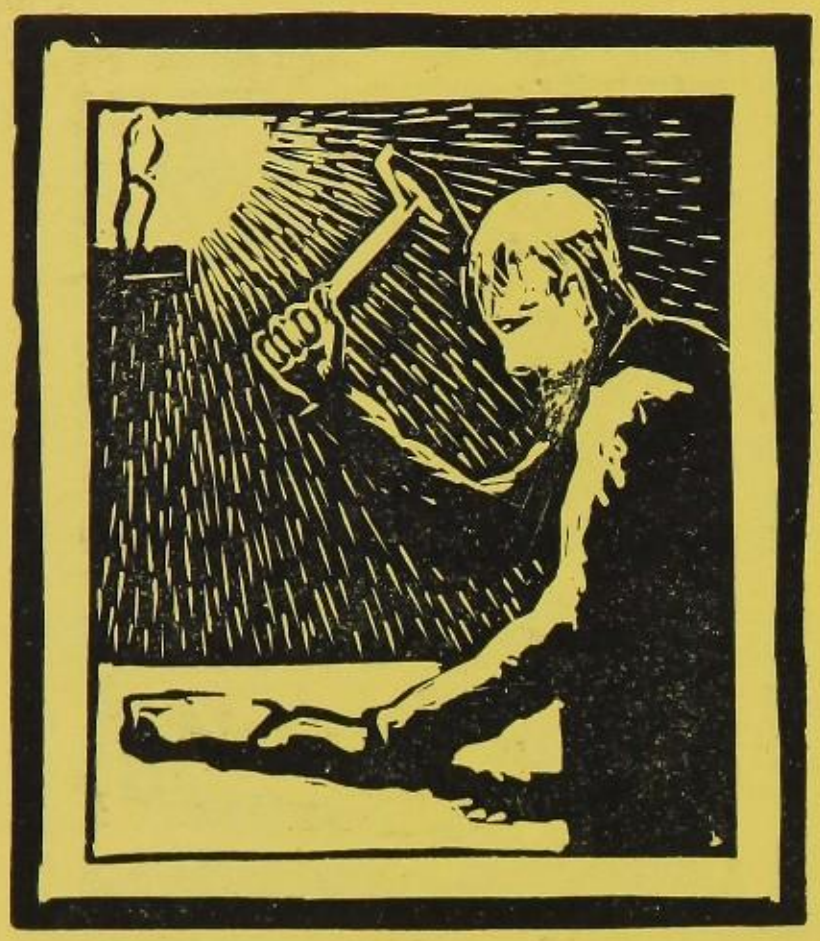
As I entered the iron gate at the side, I saw him standing beside a memorial. He was absorbed in contemplating it. I approached him quietly. I could hear the murmur of his voice as he ceaselessly chatted to himself.

The tomb contained "The Mortal Remains of Jonathan White and His Loving Wife Emily." The top stone had two excellently preserved carvings of a man and a woman in Puritan garb. They represented the two sleeping beneath. Every word of the inscription could be clearly read.

"What sort of stone is that?" I queried.

He wheeled. His eyes travelled from my boots to my face. He stared at me.

"Hmph," he grunted, and turned away again.



"I heard ye, laddie," he snapped. "I bein't deaf—yit." Then he pointed to the tomb.

"Thet's the stone I wants. No! Not thet very one," as he saw my features change, "one like it. I want somethin' as'll last."

"Well," I returned, "that ought to be easy enough to get."

"Yah! but it ain't. This y'ere granite 'n marble, they rot, jes' like me 'n you. Ha! don't git narvous, ye can't escape it. Ye know it's true, don't ye, lad?"

He saw that I was becoming uneasy. His face lit up in a wickedly triumphant way.

"Ye'll be jes' like that . . ." He picked up some dirt and threw it at my boot. He gazed in silence at the smudge. I hastily withdrew my foot and stood looking at him, not without some horror and fright on my countenance, I will warrant.

Suddenly he turned on his heel and walked swiftly toward his shed. It was dark and his figure faded rapidly into the gloom. Not liking the thought of being alone, I hurried through the gate and began walking towards home.

As I passed the gate I tripped over something embedded in the path. I got up and, on looking carefully, I saw that it was a stone. Not knowing why, I picked up a rock and dashed it with all my strength upon the other. The missile split and pieces flew in all directions. The stone in the path received a slight scratch upon its surface.

I looked at the stone that I had tripped on. Then I remembered the old man's words. "Somethin' as 'll last," he had said. I bent down and pulled up the stone. Vengeance upon it may have been my motive, for if it had not tripped me I should have been well away from the cemetery and maybe I should have forgotten Pat's thoughts. I wished to.

When I reached his shed, I saw Pat bending over several objects on his table. I could hear repeated tapping. Mutterings and sighs were intermingled with the metallic clicking of something on stone. Then I understood. He was pounding some stones he had with him, with a hammer. He was trying to find out which would last the longest.

The situation would have been a funny one had I not known how serious the old man was. I went to the door and knocked. The tapping within continued. I knocked again, louder. The door opened.

"What d' yer want, lad?" growled Pat.

"How did you . . . " I burst out.

"I seed yer, lad." Pat actually laughed. His cackle sounded stage-like, but from the

way his eyes sparkled and jumped, and the way he shook, I knew that he meant it.

"Here's a stone I thought might interest you." I brought forth my find.

He took the stone ,placed it on the table, took up his hammer, and without a word of thanks began pounding methodically on its surface.

The picture is one that will stay in my mind's eye for a long time. The candle flickering near the window, and Pat pounding his stones. There was a fierceness in his face that made me think of a witch grinding magic herbs into a kettle while whispering magic words. I was filled with dread and turned to go.

He seemed to sense my feelings.

"Good night, laddie," he croaked. "Thank ye fer yer present."

To hear his cracked voice was all that I needed to give power to my momentarily paralyzed limbs. I fled as swiftly as possible, but not swiftly enough to escape hearing the tapping begin again and a voice cackling and rumbling.

Try as I might, I could not get out of my mind the vision of the old fellow searching for stones and trying their strength. I promised myself that I should not return to the cemetery. Nevertheless, my intention, like most good ones, was never fulfilled.

On the next day, as I was wandering through a small tract of land which I had recently acquired, I heard someone moving through the field. He stopped quite often, then stumbled on. It seemed as though he were trying to catch something nearby, which moved away each time he got to it. I approached the spot where he was. I saw him stoop over something and strike it. I heard a click as the instrument in his hand struck a stone. I knew that it was Pat.

"Hallo there!" I cried.

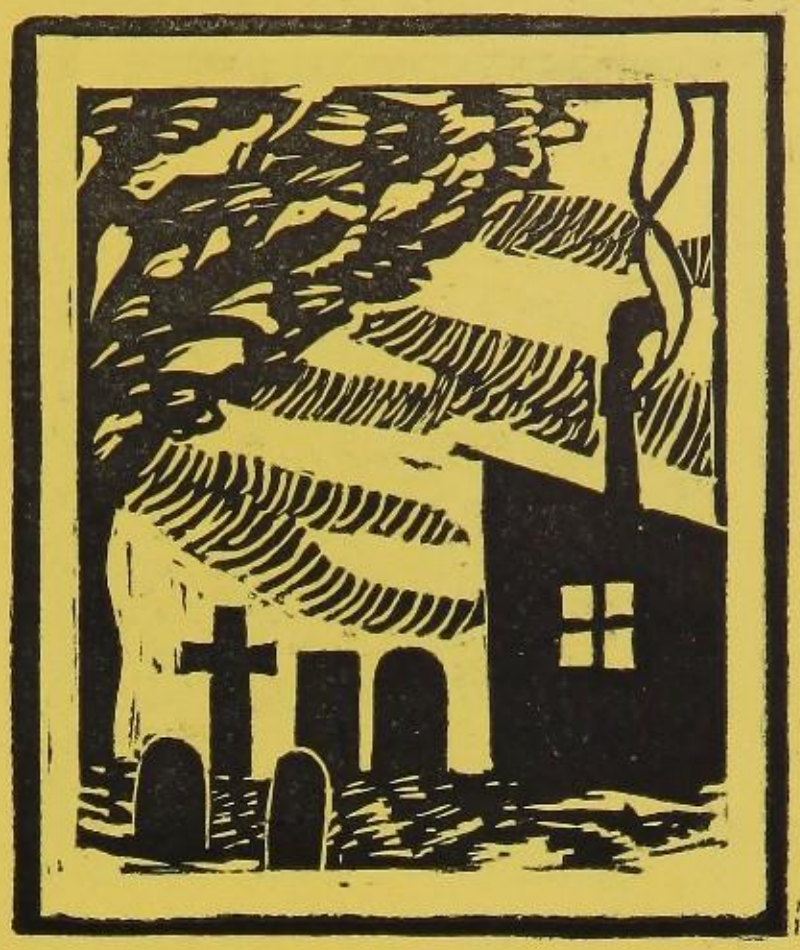
He turned towards me.

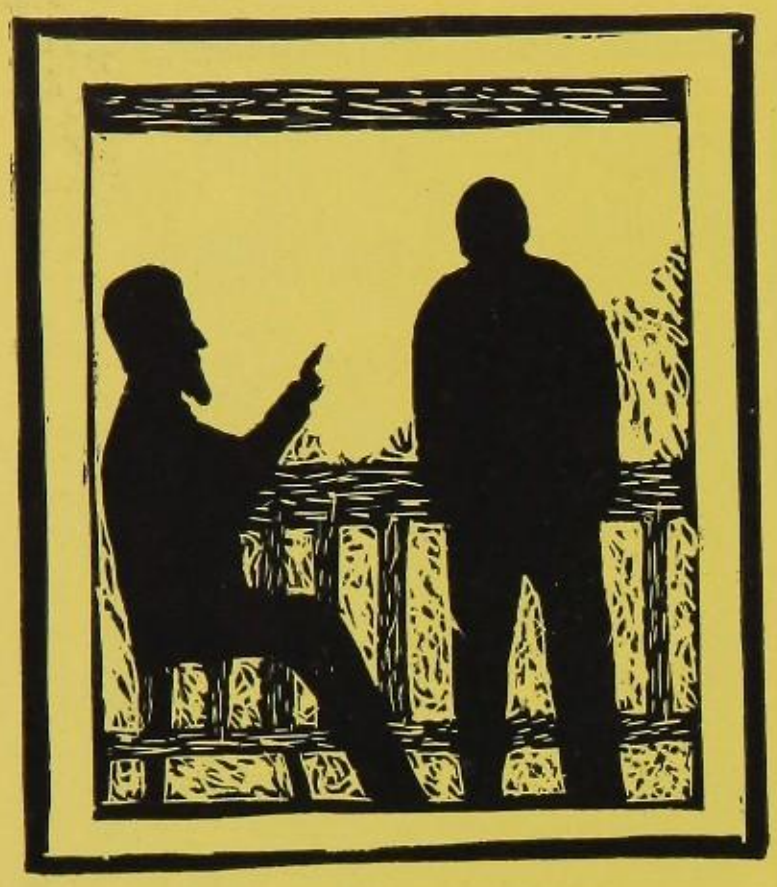
"Good Lord, man!" I exclaimed, hurrying forward. "What's wrong?"

Pat's face was more wrinkled than ever. Tears were rolling like small twisting rivers, down his face. He moaned painfully.

"I cant find it, laddie," he wailed. "I can't find 'un like it. Find me another, laddie, don't let me go uncovered."

Then I saw in his hand the stone that I had given him. He was trying to match it. He was looking for a larger one like it. The situation was not a pleasant one . The old fellow rested his hand on my shoulder and sobbed like a child.





I took him by the arm and led him to my house. He moaned and sobbed at every step he took. When we reached the porch I gave him a chair to rest in. We both sat there, looking at our feet, sighing and muttering. Then Pat looked at me.

"Did yer niver think of it, lad,' he said, "jist nothin'. Jist like the air. Niver seen, not even felt."

I was becoming annoyed with him. Whenever we met he sobbed and talked about his stone and what death was like.

"Look here," I retorted, not without feeling like a brute for scolding an old man like him, "have you never seen anything pleasant about life? Have you never enjoyed anything? You must have seen beautiful sights, heard lovely music, and had fun in your life. Why is it that whenever we meet, you carry on so?"

The poor fellow was taken aback by my hot, impatient questioning. He stared at me in astonishment. He shook his head.

"Ah, lad," he muttered, "I had a son, once, as fine a boy as iver ye set eyes on. He was a shepherd. He was all I had. Jist him an' me lived together in a little cottage. We had good times together, we did. We walked all over the country 'round there and we knew every bit of it. . . .

"Once a little lambkin was missin'. My boy went out to fetch it in."

Pat was in tears. He looked dejected and sad.

"He brought it in," Pat went on. "He showed me a scratch he had on his arm. 'Jist a scratch, dad,' he said, 'it's nothin'. A point of stone caught me.' He wouldn' even let me put nothin' on. I lost im. Blood poisonin' set in."

The old man's face twitched violently.

"I've been alone since he was took away, laddie, jist like ye see me."

Then I realized why he had treated me as well as he had, and why he called me "laddie" all the time.

"Ye know," he continued, "I've seen mighty fine folks tucked away. Rich ones, too. All the gaudy moniments is rottin'. Ye can't even tell what they say. Take thet big 'un in the middle, laddie. He was a doctor, thet 'un. He was rich, too. Now what is he? He ain't playing no harp, neither. Bah! I seen 'em all, laddie, an' you'll see me. I'm servin' the strongest master—there ain't nothin' stronger than him, laddie, nothin'."

"Why didn't you serve the church?" I asked.

He was silent for a moment. Then he got up and walked off.

A few days after this talk with Pat, I was strolling along a country road, enjoying the sun and fresh air, when I saw a slab on the side of a hill nearby. I was struck immediately by its resemblance to the stone I had brought to Pat, both in color and texture. Of course it was an odd thing to do but I determined to bring it to the old fellow. I had a good cart, and after digging a while I could manage to get the slab out. I went home to get a pick and shovel. I borrowed a horse, hitched it to the cart and went back. It took me several hours to do this and when I got back it was quite dark.

Coming to the spot where the stone was I was greatly astonished at what I saw. The stone was gone. I could not follow any tracks so I went back, returned the horse and "turned in."

On the morning of the next day I went to the cemetery. I walked to the shed where Pat had his collection of stones and looked in. The stones were gone. There were flowers on the window sill, something that Pat never had. I walked away and began looking through the cemetery. I saw an old man walking through the paths, smoking a pipe. I walked up to him.

"Pardon me," I began.

"Lookin' for Pat?" The words darted out at me.

"Yes," I replied. "Where . . . ?"

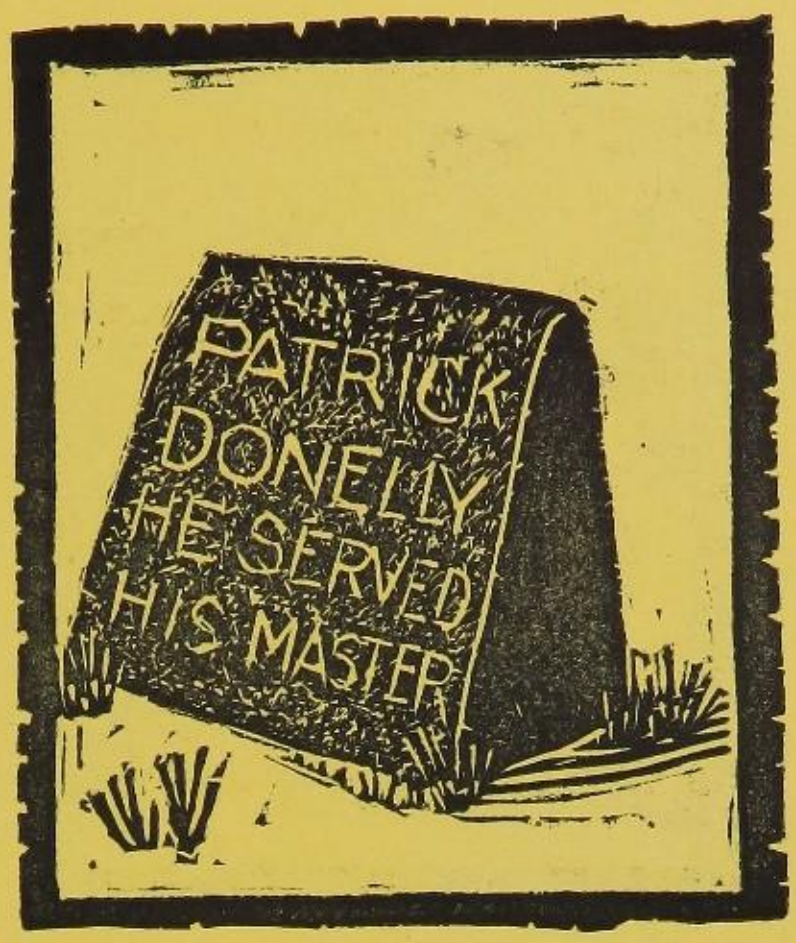
"Dead!" The man chuckled. "He was out collectin' stones last night. Got run down, the fool. Was tryin' to haul a big rock back here. The big fool."

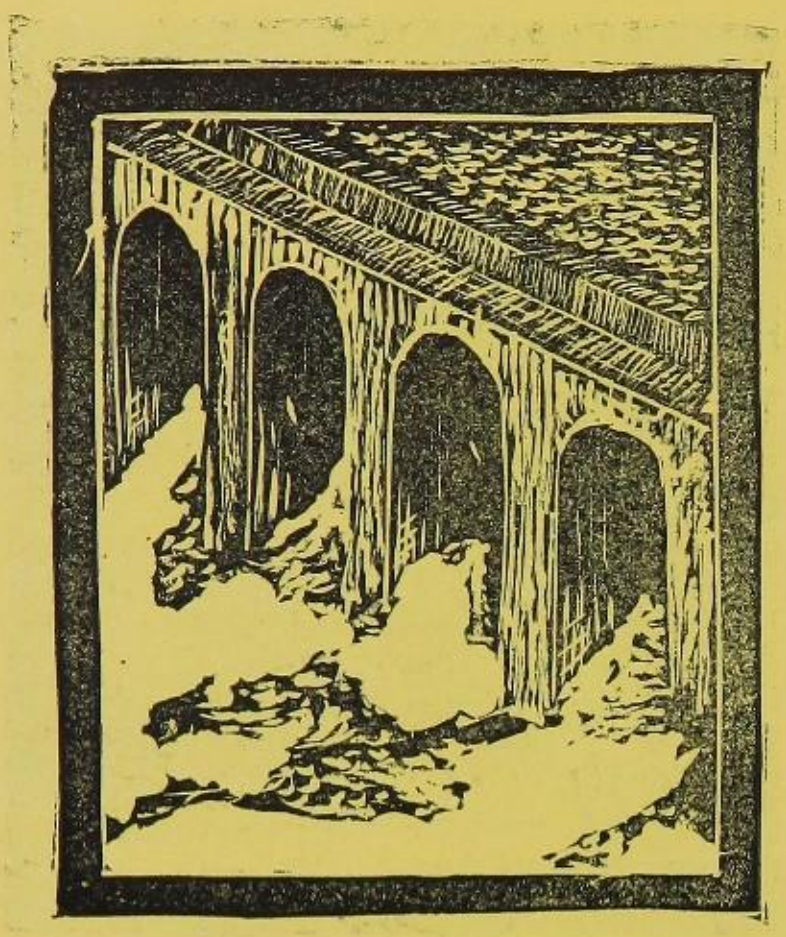
I raced away. The amused chuckle of the new keeper sounded horribly in my ears.

I found out later from the man who had run him down, that Pat had evidently seen the same stone I had and had begun to haul it away, when he was hit.

There is a stone in the corner of the cemetery at Breau that is as rugged as it was before it was ever brought there. On it these words are inscribed: "Patrick Donelly, He Served His Master."

Though many people look at this inscription and wonder at it, and even ask the keeper what it means, they never know exactly what it signifies. I am the only one who does.





MISINTERPRETATION

By Thomas Drake Durrance

Richard Pearson was an unobtrusive person engaged in an equally unobtrusive occupation. Nevertheless and paradoxically enough, he was a person upon whom the fate of millions depended. He was a motorman on one of the "shuttle" trains. Most of you have ridden the "shuttle." Did you ever stop to think what a hum-drum existence those motormen lead? Riding back and forth in a caged steel animal, day in and day out, riding—walking—riding—walking—never halting. Such was the life of Richard Pearson. I say *was*, because . . . well, if you'll bear with me, I'll tell you the entire story from its happy beginning to its not so happy ending.

* * *

Pearson's childhood days were spent in Arizona. He resided in a little town in an arid region where mining was the chief industry. A wide, turbulent river surged on its winding way some distance from the town. An irrigation dam was being constructed and daily Pearson would wander down to its high banks and watch the men at work. The fact that the boy's mother prepared lunch for some of them gave him an entrée into their elite (at least to Pearson) society. He soon became acquainted with many technical phrases and would invariably delight the workers with his all-too-serious questions concerning the progress on the dam. The child was fascinated by the roar of the engines coupled with that of the river and by the feats of skill and physical strength which he observed being performed high above its red waters. Then and there, young Pearson determined that he would some day be a great engineer.

The ambition grew more steadfast as the boy matured. It was the central cog about

which the entire delicate mechanism of his mind functioned. Graduating from a small western university, Pearson set out to conquer the world and to span the rivers. That was in 1928. Drawn to New York by the possibility of connecting with some larger firm, he somehow managed to eke out a meager existence for three years, until a stroke of fate interceded in his behalf. Walking along an icy pavement of lower Manhattan in the winter of 1931, he espied an elderly man who was having some difficulty in maintaining his balance. Finally, his plump body was keeled over by a particularly strong blast of wintry wind. Pearson approached rapidly and aided the gentleman in regaining his feet. Out of that chance meeting materialized his job as motorman, for the person he assisted happened to be Cornelius Oaks, president of the subway company.

Although suffering from disillusionment and all its ills, Pearson worked faithfully and diligently at his new occupation. Yet he was like a man enveloped in a trance. His actions were merely mechanical and his brain dwelt in an atmosphere quite different from that of his body. One afternoon in the middle of May, 1932, when he had been with the company approximately a year, Pearson was called to the section manager's office. As he opened the door, he beheld a stern, moustached man seated in a swivel chair behind a large, paper-littered desk.

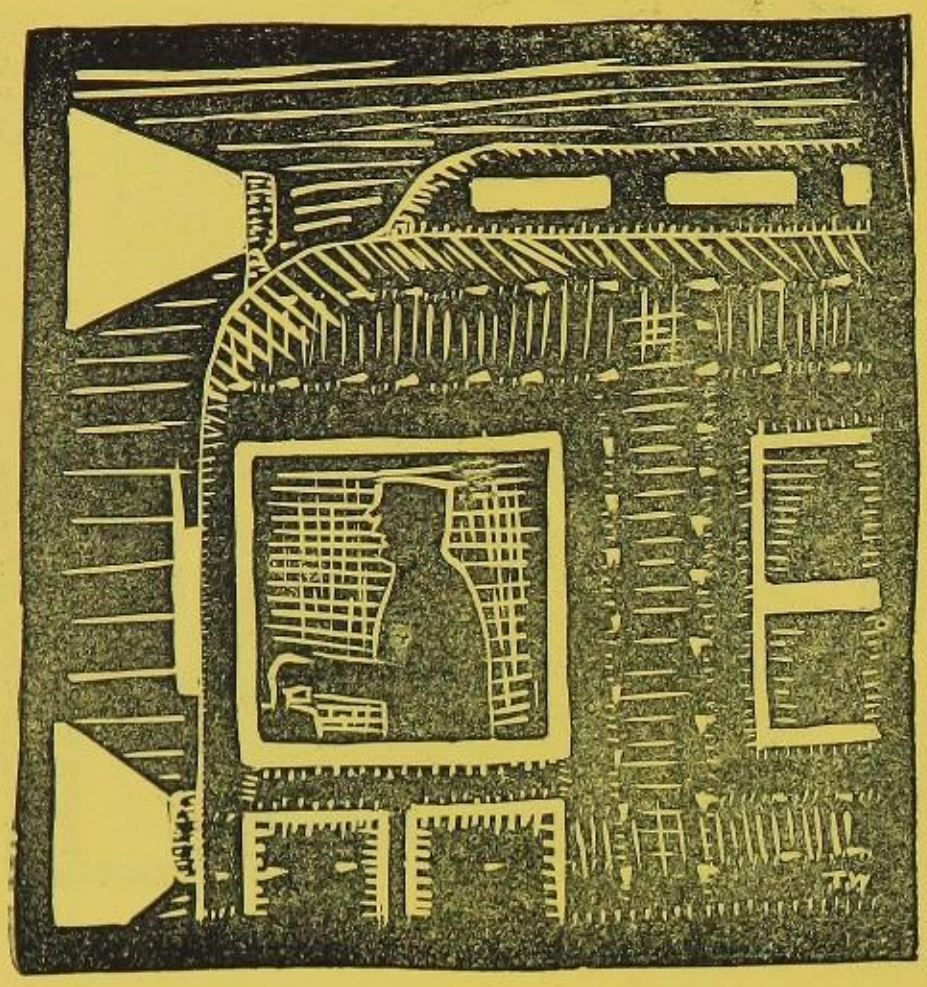
"Come in;" the manager had a particularly rough voice—just the type of *Simon Legree* you see in the motion pictures. "I take it that you are Richard Pearson?"

Pearson stood ill at ease before the desk, fumbling with one of the grey buttons on his uniform.

"Yes, sir."

The manager, whose name as proclaimed by an exceedingly elaborate desk placard was Isaac Cohen, leaned perilously far back in his chair, crossed his legs, and tapping a long, yellow pencil against the sole of his left shoe, moistened his thick lips.

"In our annual statistics we discovered that the company made a net profit of two million dollars last year." Pearson whistled in astonishment. Cohen continued, "This, of course, you realize, is far below our usual standard." Pearson blushed and shifted nervously from one foot to the other. "Therefore, we find it necessary to let some employees go. Naturally, those employed most recently must be among the first. I'm sorry, but I am forced



to give you two weeks' notice. But understand, please, we aren't firing you; we're just letting you go."

* * *

That night, Pearson was seated in a cafeteria supping on a cup of steaming coffee. An evening paper was propped up before him and he was making a desperate attempt to read, but his mind was conscious of only one thing. In two weeks he would be jobless. No money; no friends; nothing. What would he do? Go back home a failure? Never! He brought the cup to his lips and closed his eyes wearily. Suddenly he reopened them. What did he see? An ad, placed in an obscure corner of the page, stated that President Roosevelt was filing a request for engineers to work upon his new re-employment projects in the west. Applicants were to apply at a certain East Side address at nine that evening. This was the opportunity for which he had been waiting

Pearson, together with several hundred others, was signed up and ordered to report back the next day for a more detailed interview. The following morning, Pearson went to work with a light heart. As he drove his train back and forth he whistled happily. Why not? He *was* happy. He even went so far as to wise-crack with some of the rosy-cheeked school girls, an action, however, which was not fully appreciated by the other passengers. Towards the middle of the day his buoyancy wore off and he became pensive and dreamy-eyed. Once more he would be doing the work he loved in the place he loved.

Once, as he drove into Grand Central, he glanced at the large clock centered over the entrance way to the Lexington Avenue trains. Exactly twelve o'clock. As he started the train towards Times Square he thought, "Twelve." They would just about be finishing up before lunch, waiting for the shrill whistle which would give them an hour's respite. He could visualize the dam now. At first a framework. Then slowly taking form —higher—stronger—cement—steel—sweat. He was completely carried away by the thought. His hand pressed the controls—faster and faster the train was moving—dam —dam—dam. The people inside—what was the matter? Why didn't this madman slow up? Suddenly something loomed before Pearson's eyes—

Crash!!! . . .

Here is how one of New York's newspapers "covered" the story:

MOTORMAN SUICIDES
IN SHUTTLE CRASH
AT TIMES SQUARE

Passengers Safe as Driver, Desperate Because of Future Unemployment, Is Killed.

Richard Pearson, a motorman in the employ of the New York City Subway Company, committed suicide today at exactly 12:02 P. M. by driving his "shuttle" train into the Times Square station at a terrific speed. None of the passengers was seriously injured, several suffering from bruises. Pearson died in an ambulance on his way to the hospital.

It was later discovered from Mr. Isaac Cohen, manager of the company, that Pearson had been given two weeks' notice the day before the fatal accident. Mr. Cohen said:

"The news was a great shock to Pearson and he pleaded with me to keep him on the force in any capacity. He was very disheartened when he left my office, and even then I had a peculiar premonition that he would do something rash, but I didn't expect suicide. I am sorry that such a thing happened and I wish to tell the passengers of the New York City Subway that it will not occur again."

Pearson, who was evidently at odds with the world, died with an oath on his lips. As the ambulance was carrying him through the congested downtown traffic, he turned feebly to one of the nurses. "Damn!" It was the last word he ever uttered.

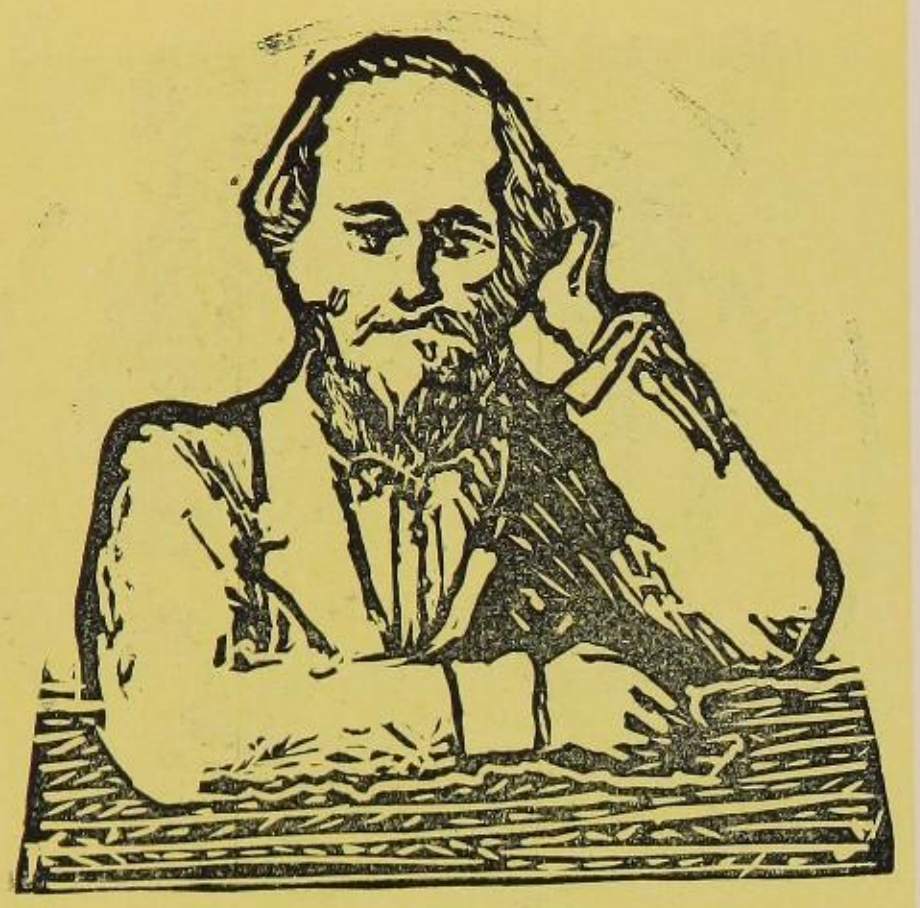
THE HUNTER'S SONG
(A translation from Schiller)

With dart and bow
Through hill and vale,
The hunters go
At daybreak pale.

In realms of air,
The eagles reign,
But hill and cleft
Is hunter's main.

To him belongs
What his dart brings,
We hunt for all
That creeps or wings.

Eugene M. Lang.



THE POET

The youthful poet, with frantic eyes,
  Doth glare in desperation
At the earth and at the skies,
  In search of inspiration.

He vainly tries to eulogize,
  In eloquent oration,
Every beast and bird that flies,
  And every constellation.

Though he weeps and cries, and sobs and sighs,
  And falls in agitation,
And summons his muse with desperate cries;
  He can't begin his narration.

But suddenly, to his great surprise,
  His dull imagination
Bubbles and boils, and broils and fries,
  In a frenzy of creation.

Feverishly, to crystallize
  His flowing inspiration,
To pen and paper he hastily flies,
  To set it in notation.

Epilogue

Dear readers kind, do ye wish to know
The name of that poem and poet divine?
Well, the poem is the one that you have just read,
And the poet is he who, in youth's full glow,
Has almost completely gone out of his head,
While trying to write the preceding line.

William Goldberg.

HONOR SECTION

Honor is defined in that most material of books, the dictionary, as "consideration due, as to worth." Despite the fact that this definition is so brief and ostensibly precise, honor is, nevertheless, a somewhat intangible thing. In school affairs, for the most part, the word is employed in referring to those whose characters are either worthy of note or outstanding in some way.

The wearing of an Arista pin, school service award, or any such insignia does not merely indicate that he who wears the emblem has performed some service. It also signifies that he has achieved distinction as a student through his work in making Harris a better institution. He is recognized as a leader among his classmates; and the pin he bears marks him as one who accomplishes and builds.

Therefore, with the express purpose of honoring those who merit it, this new section of the Crimson and Gold is created. Although they have received personal rewards, students of such calibre and high esteem have performed their beneficial tasks in the past with but scant recognition. This semester, however, the Harris yearbook has undertaken the glorification of this group by the innovation of the Honor Section.

HONORS

It is a pleasure to write a message concerning school honors. Those students who win them will always remember these recognitions of their ability, whatever other school experiences they may forget. Not merely a source of personal satisfaction, they are an evidence to parents and friends that the days at Harris have been well spent.

Everyone cannot win honors, but there are many and varied distinctions offered by the school and its organizations, and the growth which comes with the effort to surpass is a reward denied to none. In a group such as yours, every boy should look forward to some definite achievement in his high school course, beyond the mere fulfillment of the requirements for graduation. In these days, colleges ask for particulars about the candidate's marks, and inquire as to his interests, his qualities of leadership, and his services to the school. They seek those who will be worthy of what they have to offer and who will utilize it as valuable members of the community.

We, too, honor these qualities of character, scholarship, and devotion to the good of the school by election to the Arista. Limited in membership, the Arista admits only those who possess these qualities to an outstanding degree, but as each boy approaches the standards it sets, he shows himself more fit to succeed in college and in life. May every boy in Harris make the Arista his goal, bearing in mind the words of Benjamin Disraeli, "The secret of success is constancy of purpose."

Russell F. Stryker,

Leader of the Arista Senate

ARISTA

Except that it is the school's honor society, little is known of the Arista by the general student body. Each semester the school sees new members inducted at an assembly designated for that purpose, but beyond that it is obvious of the functions and purpose the Arista serves.

The Townsend Harris chapter of the Arista League is composed of twenty-two students who have distinguished themselves in extra-curricular activities, whose character and integrity are irreproachable, and who have, through earnest efforts, attained a high and enviable scholastic record.

This term saw the Arista assuming an active part in scholastic affairs. The organization sponsored its annual banquet, which was a great success, and once more efficiently supervised the G. O. elections. Its work was capably executed by efficient officers and a willing and cooperative assembly.

Senate

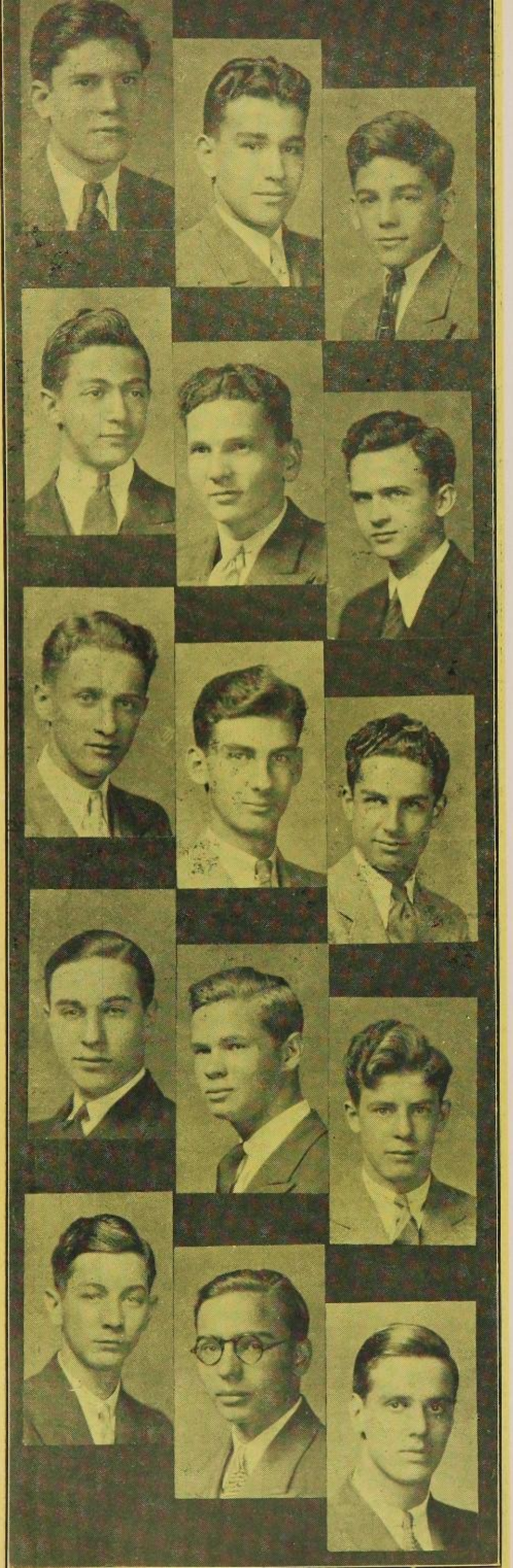
Russell Stryker ..... *Leader*
Albert D'Andrea ..... *Secretary*

George M. Falion
David Goldway
Nicholas Milella
Louis R. Trilling
Robert H. Alles
Jose Martel
Dayton N. Dennett
Robert H. Chastney

Assembly

Harry M. Simon, Jr. ..... *Leader*
Malcolm Finkelstein ..... *Vice-Leader*
Richard Witkin ..... *Secretary*
Henry Maas ..... *Treasurer*

H. Dong
B. Fisher
B. Shepard
B. Sallman
C. Feinberg
F. Charlton
R. Ehrenberg
M. Aronstein
N. Weissberg
P. Lehn
L. Levey
C. Sager
E. Spitz
H. Kieval
H. Newman
A. Kramer
A. Sheard
J. London



VARSITY HONORS

Major Service Pin

Richard Witkin
Solomon Chaikin
Henry Maas
Robert Van Santen

Minor Service Pin

Harry M. Simon, Jr.
Malcolm Finkelstein
Robert Van Santen
Howard Van Camerik
Edwin Youngerman
Richard Witkin
Thomas Durrance
Bennett Sallman
William Friedman
Louis Goldstein
Henry Maas

Special Service Pin

Gerald Kitay
Samuel Achs
Eugene Spitz
Tobias Weiss
Solomon Orlowitz
Nathan Heiger
Charles Terr
Victor Lewis
Kevin Sheard
Morton Aronstein
Edwin Youngerman

Athletic Letters

Karl Buss
John Henry
Morton Stark
Raphael Uffner
Edward Klipper
Donald Thomson
Edgar Rosenberg
Robert Goldberger
Carl Bakal
Cliff Sager
William Grooh
William Mullin
John Lindquist
Bennett Sallman
Henry Hofheimer
Allan Fischback
Otto Rabstejnek

SENIOR HONORS

Lower C		*Upper C*
H. Hofheimer	President	H. Simon
R. Mellen	Vice-President	S. Chaikin
H. Simon	Secretary	M. Singer
G. Tomlinson	Treasurer	G. Tomlinson
C. Feinberg	G. O. Rep.	C. Feinberg

Lower B		*Upper B*
R. Van Santen	President	R. Van Santen
W. Kartin	Vice-President	S. Chaikin
H. Van Camerik	Secretary	H. Van Camerik
G. Tomlinson	Treasurer	E. Youngerman
D. Spitz	G. O. Rep.	C. Feinberg

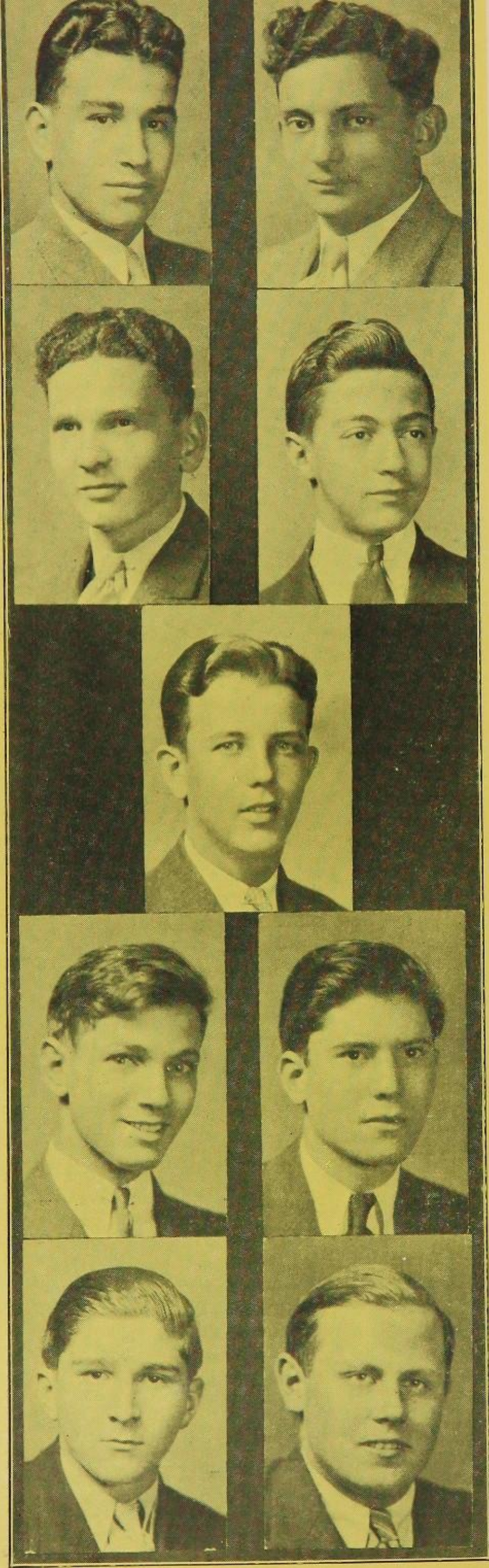
Lower A		*Upper A*
H. Simon	President	S. Chaikin
S. Chaikin	Vice-President	A. Christensen
H. Van Camerik	Secretary	H. Van Camerik
E. Youngerman	Treasurer	E. Youngerman
H. Maas	G. O. Rep.	H. Maas

CLASS NUMERALS

Solomon Chaikin	David Rosenberg
Edwin Youngerman	David Beitler
Robert Van Santen	Louis Weiss
Howard Van Camerik	Martin Singer
Howard Kieval	Henry Maas
Harry M. Simon, Jr.	Henry Hofheimer

SENIOR CLASS SERVICE PINS

Harry M. Simon, Jr.	Andrew Christensen
Henry Maas	Howard Van Camerik
Edwin Youngerman	Robert Van Santen
Solomon Chaikin	Louis Weiss
	David Rosenberg



VARSITY LEADERS

Certainly those few members of the school who lead in varsity activities and who possess that spirit so essential to the successful continuation of all functions deserve a niche in this, the Harris Honor Section. Presidents and directors are they all, the guiding lights of those organizations intrinsic to the welfare of every metropolitan high school.

David Rosenberg
Nathan Heiger
Howard Kieval
Milton Gendel
Milton Himmelfarb
Henry Maas
Robert Ehrenberg
Edwin Youngerman
Robert Van Santen
Seymour Alterowitz
Neal Chilton
Hartley Cohen
John Healey
Charles Terr
Kevin Sheard
Maxwell Kern
Hillel Blondheim
Gerard Mangone
Robert Reynolds
Solomon Chaikin
David Davidoff
Ned Weissberg

CLASS SECTION

The essential unit of Harris, the class, upon whose smooth functioning depends the success of the school, is composed of individuals united by common purposes. It is comparable to a cell within a larger, more complex organism. Its legislative and executive bodies are counterparts of the school organizations. The class cannot exist without the support of the school, and vice-versa; therefore, a flawless cooperative system is necessitated.

The class prepares its members for school activities. From it come, in each branch of experience, those who compose the leading groups of the school. The ranks of the varsity teams are filled by practised class members. They are best fitted to serve their Alma Mater. Those aspiring to garner journalistic honors become interested in the production of a class paper. During their association with this journal, their latent abilities are developed and encouraged. When these students are qualified, school publications enlist them on their staffs. The leaders of the class, its ablest men, in whom has been fostered a faculty for guidance and responsibility, become leaders of the school. The united Harris recognizes this quality of leadership imbued in its students and raises the deserving ones to high and responsible executive positions.

One need only observe the progress of a single class to become cognizant of the advancement of the entire school; for each integral unit does its share toward the furtherance of a better Townsend Harris.

FRIENDSHIPS

It would seem fitting that the President of the Senior Class use the space allotted him in the *Crimson and Gold* for extolling the many virtues and attributes of the group he heads.

If I followed this accustomed course, I would be expounding only established truths. The banquet, senior-day, the prom, and the various other functions which the class of January, 1934, has successfully sponsored, proclaim it as one of the best Harris has ever had.

But there is a more important factor than the extra-curricular endeavors of the class. That factor is the formation of associations which have increased our spiritual properties. Harris social life has acted as a stimulus, for it presents a plot in which to sow the seed of eternal friendship and, unlike Senior groups of the past, this one certainly has taken advantage of the opportunities offered.

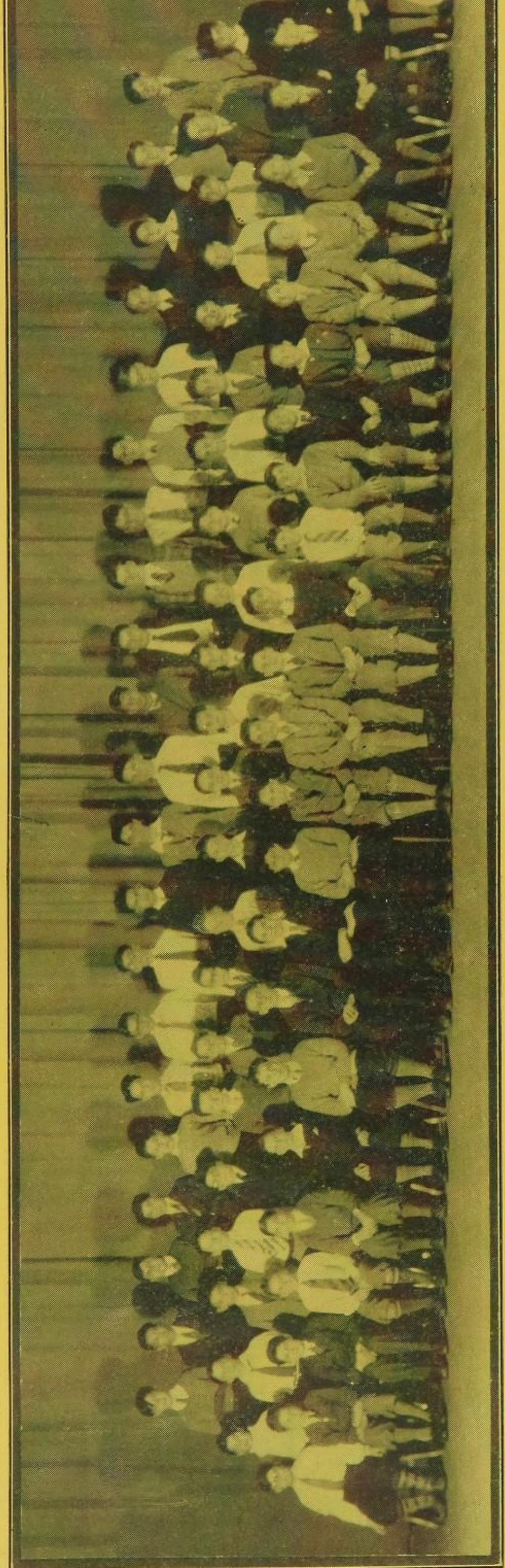
The fact that we have arrived at our present status by overcoming hardships and almost insurmountable difficulties, the fact that we have successfully assumed the leadership of the school, is irrelevant. Our greatest accomplishment has been the establishing of friendships among our schoolmates. And these enduring friendships are precious; for when we look back on our scholastic career we shall see that all our triumphs were as nothing in comparison with associations that remain firm during our life-time.

Solomon Chaikin,
President Senior Class

CLASS FUNCTIONS

The class function is an established custom in Harris, and from the nature of the function may be determined the character of the class.

For apparent reasons, the most important of which is unfamiliarity with the school and its ways, the Lower C class does not have a function. But after advancing a grade and being imbued with a greater confidence and enthusiasm, the Upper C's feel themselves capable of giving a reception for the new freshmen. It is customary to present entertainment at these semestral gatherings. Occasionally, as happened this semester, the U. C Class sponsors another function, which, if successful, increases its prestige. It is usually in Lower B, however, that a true class activity is first arranged. The class members attend a boat ride, ball-game, or any other entertaining diversion. As Upper B's, the students become more sedate and less loquacious. Their responsibilities have had a sobering effect, and again they succeed in promoting a function—generally a rally. The Lower A's deem it fitting that a more pretentious affair, one indicative of the elevated ranks of the class—a banquet—should be staged. Finally comes the senior term. Upper A's lead in most of the school's activities. They publish the Stadium and issue a *Crimson and Gold*, but the crowning glory of their last term in Harris is the successful sponsorship of a senior prom. Thus, the cycle of enjoyable functions, all of which have helped to inculcate a feeling of pride and self-respect in the heart of the Harrisite, comes to a brilliant close.



LOWER C

It may be truly asserted that this semester's Lower C class has made an auspicious start in its three year Harris career. Adorned with the ever-present symbols of grammar school graduation pins and new brief-cases, the freshmen entered upon their high school course, cherishing high hopes for future success. Acclimating themselves immediately to their altered environment, they set to work on their term's activities, planning a newspaper, selecting class colors, and considering many other formalities.

The officers chosen to lead the class through the all important first term exercised their duties with exceptional competency. President Senftner and Vice-President Solomon merit commendation for the praiseworthy manner in which they guided the group through its initial obstacles.

A mimeographed paper, the *Blue and Silver*, was edited by the council. The journal's popularity was due to the fact that, unlike many other enterprises of a similar nature, it appeared at regular intervals during the semester.

To the Lower C group, which has so admirably completed the first lap, the upper classmen extend their most gracious congratulations. Furthermore, it is the earnest hope of all that succeeding councils will add to the work so estimably begun by their predecessors.

I. Senftner.....*President*
J. Solomon .....*Vice-President*
B. Ferrencz.....*Secretary*
M. Grobstein .....*Treasurer*
E. Ehrenberg.....*G. O. Representative*
Mr. Mandeville.....*Faculty Advisor*

LOWER C ANTICS

Monday—(Crowd enters) Hoopla! We have matriculated! (brandishing of burnished brief bags, pearly pens, etc.) Our position in Harris is impregnable. Try to rid yourselves of us.

Diminutive One: Let's select our semestral officers.

Crowd: How charming! (clapping hands)

A: I nominate B.

B: I nominate A.

C: I nominate D.

D: I nominate C.

(And so on far into the period.)

Instructor: Nominees will kindly "git."

(Omnes exeunt. One remains. He elects the following):

President, Neal Chilton; Vice-President, Joseph Soloman; Secretary, Lizagorsky; Treasurer, Herbert Baron; G. O. Representative, Edward Ehrenberg.

Tuesday—(Council meeting) Cushing's Manual; Motion; Counter Motion; Point of Order; Objection; Shut Up; Erasers; Adjournment.

Wednesday—Petition and repetition . . . (Cause)

Thursday—(Effect) President resigns. Secretary resigns. Treasurer accused of misappropriation of funds. Is reputed to have replied, "What funds?"

Friday—Pro-temporiality of officers proclaimed by electorate—apropos of nothing.

Saturday—Day off.

Sunday Night—Whole class does homework for three hours per previous instructions.

Monday—A (enters sobbing): Oh, woe is me! I haven't finished my last example. There goes my brilliant future.

B (solicitously): What ails you, my dear fellow?

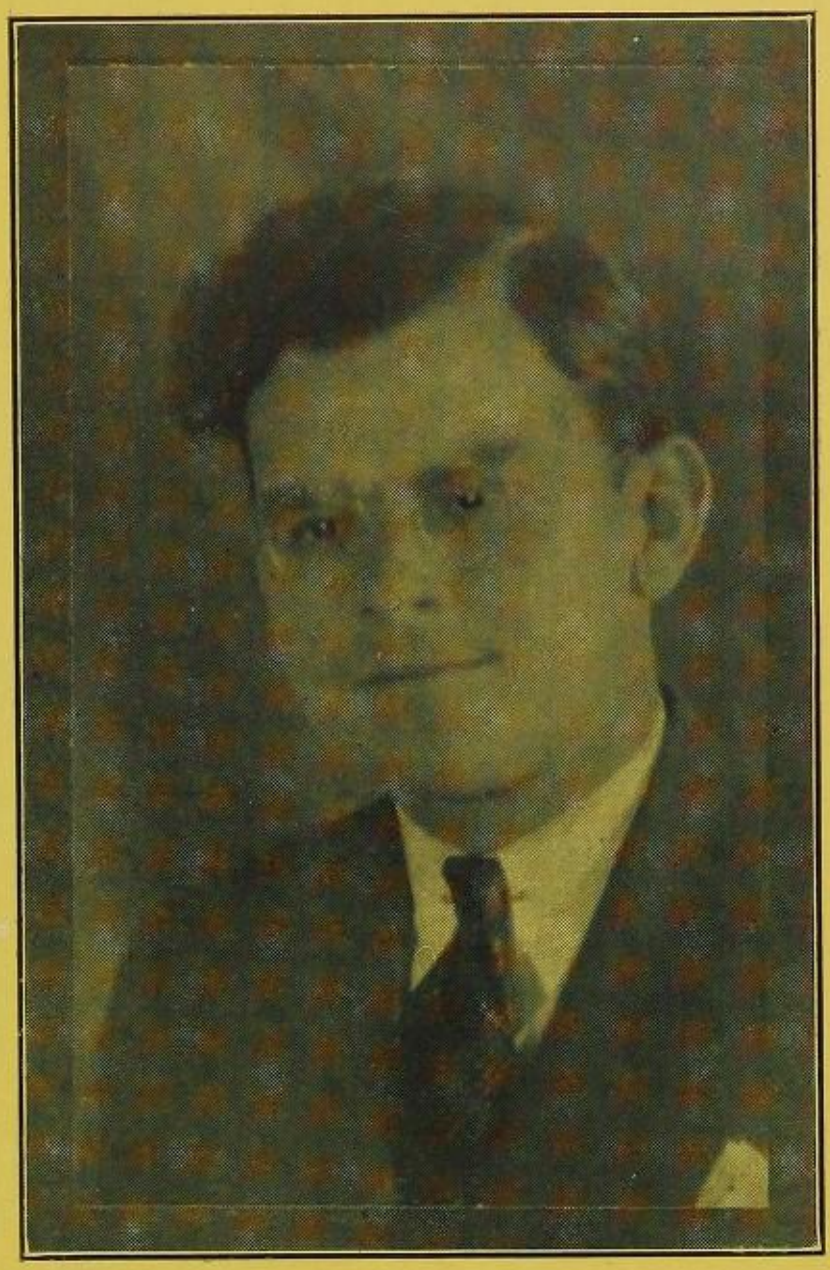
A (blushing to the gills): Would you permit me to peruse your homework for collusive motives?

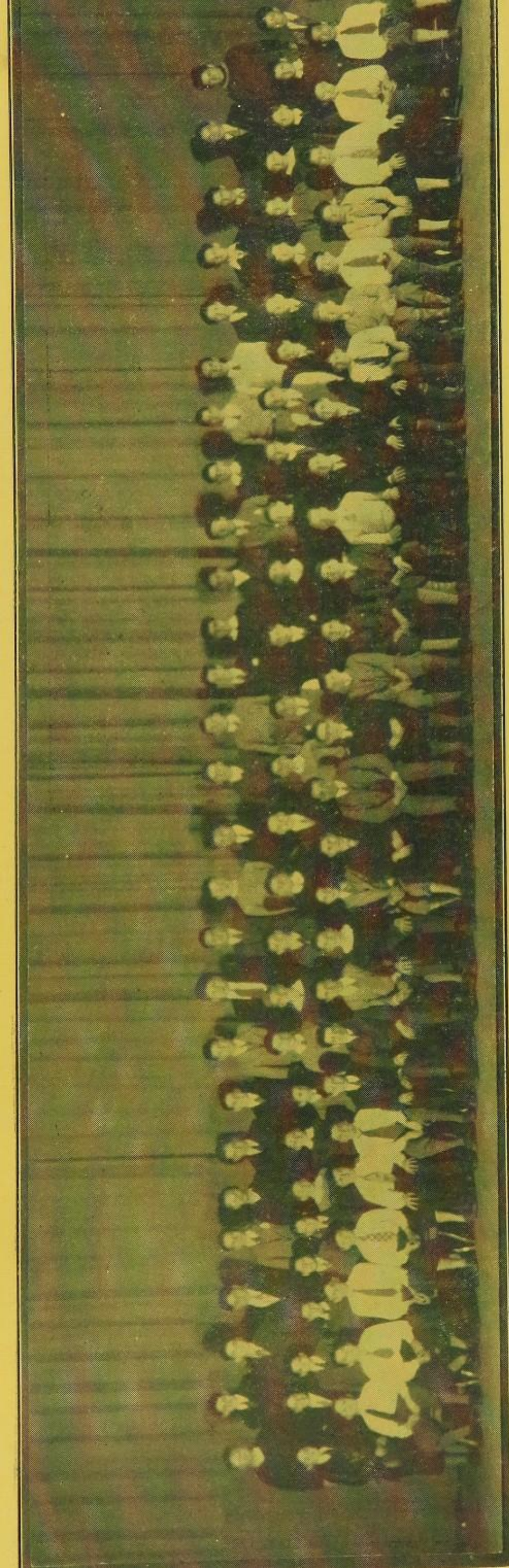
B (horrified): Oh, no! Hie thee hence!

A (breaking down): What will my mother say?

Tuesday—"A" elected president of the class for his individuality.

And time rolls on . . .





UPPER C

The Upper C class has surmounted the obstacles offered by the first semester in Harris, and has advanced into an equally trying term which has shown its direful effects upon the group. In Upper C many students from junior high schools become members of the newly settled unit. Confusion ensues, and results in a lack of cooperation which has defeated many admirable projects initiated by this ambitious class. The outstanding of these was the banquet, a novel function for lower classmen and one which was greatly encouraged by President Davidoff. The students, however, were not sufficiently consolidated to support wholeheartedly such an enterprise, and the widely advertised, eagerly anticipated U.C Banquet was canceled.

The class paper, *The Blue Eagle*, was as good as could be expected from an Upper C class as far as literary content was concerned. In fact, it was an industrious accomplishment, unfortunately spoiled by the poor printing facilities which resulted in a scarcely legible paper.

The Upper C's in general, nevertheless, are gaining a foothold in Harris, some even excelling in certain fields to the point of school-wide recognition. Credit is due to Mr. D'Amato, the faculty advisor, who has supported the students in their endeavors and counseled them in the realization of their ideas.

D. Davidoff ..... *President*
M. Aronoff ..... *Vice-President*
K. Glaser ..... *Secretary*
A. Goldman ..... *Treasurer*
G. Banner ..... *G. O. Representative*
Mr. D'Amato ..... *Faculty Advisor*

THE U.C BANQUET

"No longer are we frivolous youngsters," cried President Davidoff.

"No more!" harmonized three sopranos.

"No longer are we to be laughed at!" continued the worthy President.

"And nevermore!" came the monotonous trebles.

"We must have action befitting our station, Gentlemen," said the President, stroking a non-existent beard, "Gentlemen, we must have a function!"

"Oh, goody, goody!" exclaimed the dauntless three.

Glaser's solitary voice inquired, "What kind of function?"

"Boooooo! Jump on him! A viper in our midst! A dangerous radical! A Trotsky! A Litvinoff!"

"Please," interposed the President, "please do not behave like those of inferior rank."

An excited whisper, "He means the Lower C's!"

A small hand waved to and fro, emulating the movements of a palm tree swaying in the caressing tropical breeze. Like a native calling to his love, a shrill voice piped up from the wilderness of the third row and said in a B.M.T.-ish manner, "Let's go to Coney Ireland!"

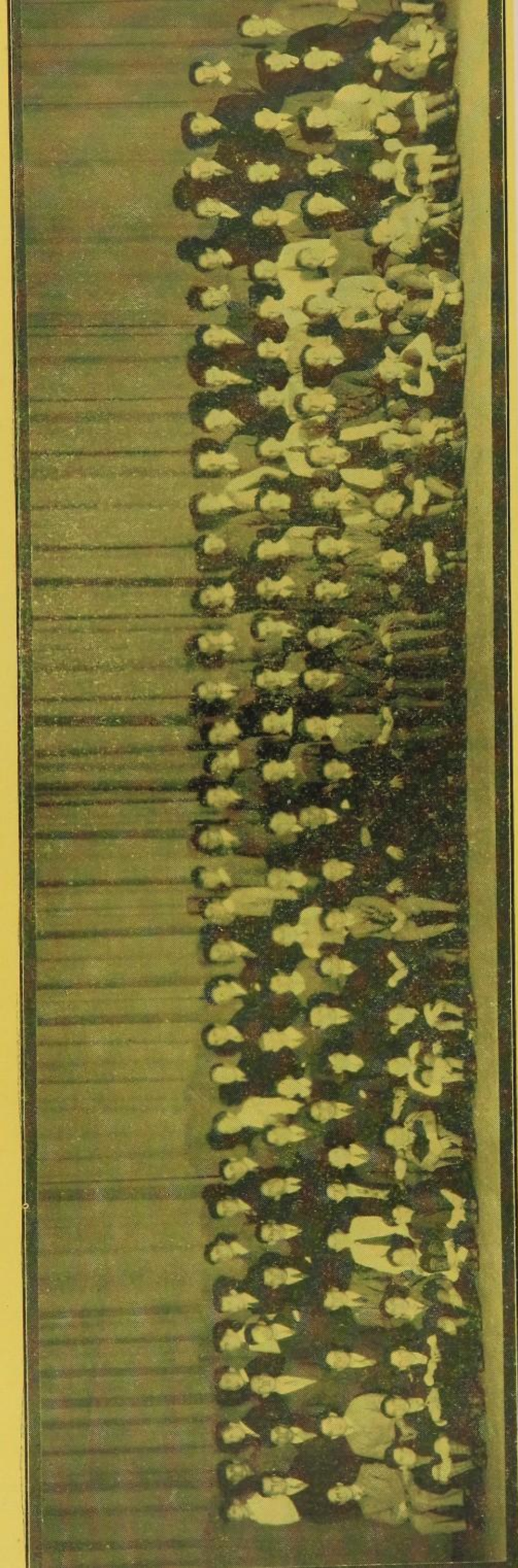
"Naw!" said the Representative from Adenois, "let's hab a pignig!"

Three hours passed—three hours beyond the wildest imagination of even a political speaker. Finally, Lewins, triumphantly retaining his seat, having survived the loss of his tie and left sock, solemnly announced, "An out-of-doors banquet wins."

"Amen," concluded the Three Graces.

It is needless to say that the Council attended the picnic. They were all alone, but for the pretty ants—red ones and white, black ones and brown, biting and chewing at Dobkin's moustache. The brilliant Austin Goldman made a salad composed of ripe D'Amatos (Ed. Note: This is a pun), pickles, sauerkraut, and shoe polish. Having tried his own concoction first, he was given a watery bird in a goldfish bowl. Two venturesome children went rowing in a nearby lake. Then it began to rain . . .

The U.C banquet was obviously one of the greatest functions the school has ever seen. It removed five successful competitors from the ineligible list and added them to the rapidly growing obituary. Upper C should be proud of those lads; they have made sacred in Harris those ideals of Americanism—seem a "sucker," act a "sucker," and be a "sucker."



LOWER B

Lower B might well be classed as the turning point in the career of a Harris student. It is here that he makes his debut in the various extra-curricular activities of the school.

The class of June, 1935, realizing the importance of the class council, selected a truly efficient body to handle its affairs. The council, led by President Gottsegen, insured success through its prompt dealings with important measures. To Mr. Milella, the class advisor, is due much credit. His invaluable counsel contributed much toward the class' welfare.

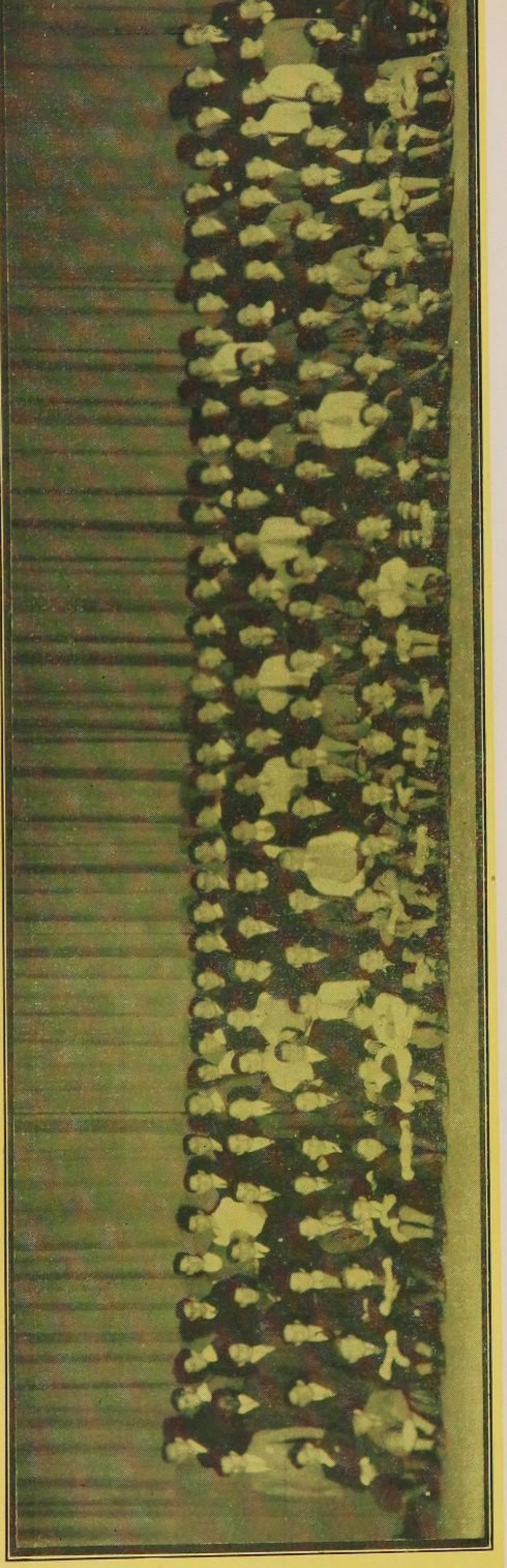
Foremost in the accomplishments of the Lower B's was the excellent mimeographed paper which was distributed regularly among the class members. The *Lantern* published, among other things, council news and accounts of the activities of the various class teams. Prominent also is the fact that a great many Lower B's acquired places on school teams and entered many other extra-curricular fields. The intense interest of this class in school activities bodes well for the future success of the group. Journalists, securing positions on the school publications at this early stage, get the correct training necessary to make editors and business managers during the all-important senior year.

Merely the continuation of this splendid work is needed to make the class of June, 1935, a successful one.

R. Gottsegen ..... *President*
M. Deutsch ..... *Vice-President*
J. Roche ..... *Secretary*
S. Prisand ..... *Treasurer*
A. Siegel ..... *G. O. Representative*
Mr. Milella ..... *Faculty Advisor*

LOWER B BRIGHTLIGHTS

Most Popular.....*Bernard Rosenberg*
Most Useful.....*Leon Katz*
Most Abuseful.....*Stanley Green*
Most Talkative..... *Milton Leyzorek*
Most Balkative.....*Paul Kaufman*
Deflated.....*Seymour Priscand*
Inflated.....*Norman Hammer*
All-Poet .....*Sidney Zecker*
All-Know It.....*Herman Nesenholtz*
Vain.....*Nathan Seidman*
Pain.....*Noel Freedman*
Optimist.....*Maxwell Silverman*
Pessimist.....*Abraham Siegel*
Kidded.....*Harrison Miller*
Did It.....*Arnold Joffe*
Class Artist.....*Leonard Hirschfeld*
Tardiest.....*Howard Bernstein*
Hardiest.....*Irving Green*
Busiest.....*Saul Berg*
Dizziest.....*Leo Carl*
Scholar.....*Jacob Bressler*
Holler.....*William Frankel*
Among the Lasses.....*Robert Markowitch*
Above the Masses.....*Albert Mousner*



UPPER B

Since its initial term at Townsend Harris, the class of January, 1935 has nobly acquitted itself in all lines of endeavor. Imbued with a fine spirit, both toward the school as a whole and the class as a unit, and containing in its ranks promising material for both teams and non-athletic organizations, the group has marched along like a victorious army, crushing all opposition and issuing from the battlefield with colors flying.

The council, consisting chiefly of new members elected this semester, conducted itself in a manner befitting its position and brought to a successful termination many substantial tasks. The function, a visit to a professional football game, aided the class materially in both prestige and financial condition. The increase in the paid-up class members is attributed to the superiority of this affair.

The Courier, the class newspaper, was rather successful, considering the limited experience of the staff members in the journalistic field. The position of the editor, held by Joseph Loeb, was a thankless one, for his classmates exhibited a decided indifference to his efforts.

Aroused to the fact that it soon must assume the leadership of the school, and in the two forthcoming terms prove to skeptics that it is capable of joining the ranks of other outstanding classes, Upper B forges ahead, all possible obstacles steadily overcome.

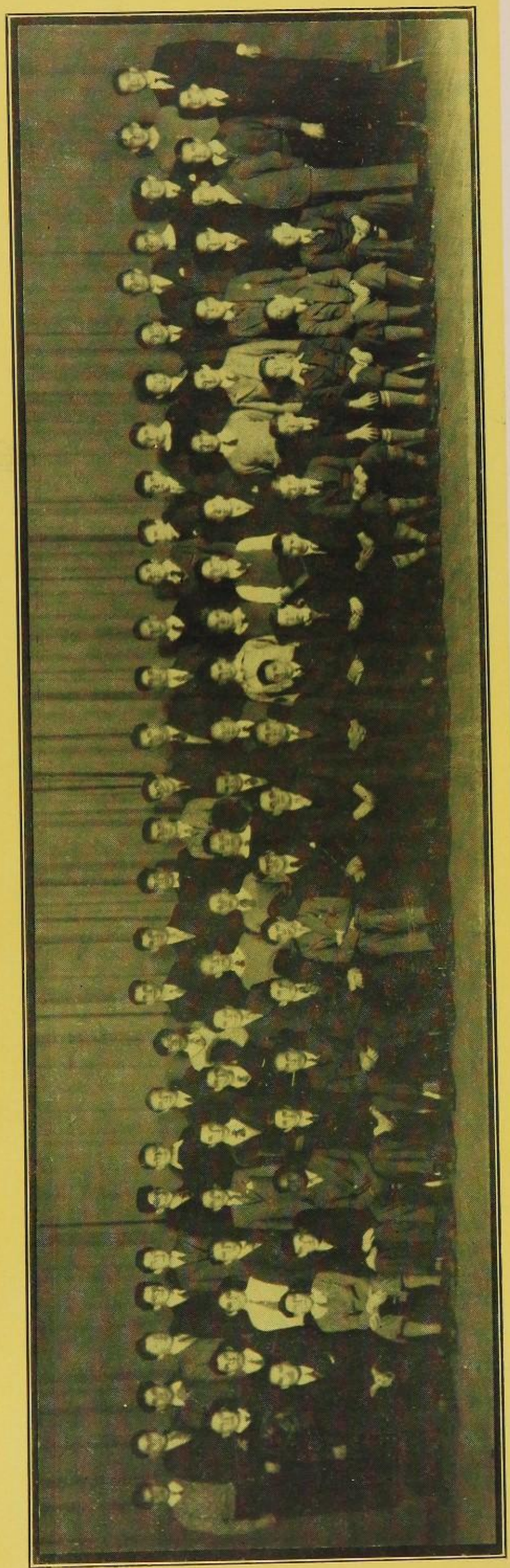
N. Weissberg.....*President*
R. Pelz.....*Vice-President*
S. Askenasi .....*Secretary*
E. Weitzen .....*Treasurer*
F. Charlton.....*G. O. Representative*
Mr. MacEwen.....*Faculty Advisor*

UPPER B PROPHECY

During the past year I found out: Alan Kramer, famed for coyness, now acts as a Japanese girl in a "hit" play written by one Fred Charlton. Kramer, with the aid of the Askinasi Elocution School, has recovered his lost lisp. Charlton was succeeding in his journalistic career (selling papers), before he was "made" by his play. The great lover of the Jap girl is none other than Mason Abrams, who has condescended to leave Shakespeare for a short while. Everett Cohen, the famed essayist, is now writing his memoirs; he guarantees that no word of less than four syllables will be included. The only essayist comparable to Cohen is Edward Junger, who has written just one piece—"On How To Avoid Homework"—an overwhelming success. Little children thank him.

Across the street from the theatre in which Charlton's play is running is its greatest competitor—the Jacobson Theatre. There Alan Jacobson, the Jester, daily convulses audiences with his sparkling wit. The butt of his "jokes" is Ned Weissberg, whose recompense is permission publicly to flaunt his Arista pin on an azure background. Wechsler, the professional football player, is Jacobson's best customer; he comes to the theatre twice for every time Alan sees him play.

It was not difficult to find Victor Herschberg. He is world renowned as the author of the revolutionary Quantum XYZ theory and several language books. . . The other day I turned to the fourth page of the New York Dimes-Postalgram and was knocked over by a full page advertisement of Robert Pelz wearing gorgeous green underwear. On the next page was an eulogistic address made by Joseph Loeb, Jr., the famous politician, in which he compliments Edward Weitzen and Arnold Friedlander for having solicited the most Red Cross funds. . . Weitzen's glamour was caused by his unkempt hair. . . The rest of the U.B Class has, I've been informed, created a union for a two-hour, forty dollar minimum wage week. The Communists call them conservative. . .



LOWER A

It is in the Lower A class that the final touches of worldly wisdom are mingled with all the other subtle changes which the Harris student undergoes during his transition from the naiveté of the Lower C to the polished self-assuredness of the senior. Behind him he has two and a half years of intellectual training. He has participated in the activities of clubs, councils, and teams. Now he is prepared to lead them, to take charge of the affairs of the entire school.

With this fact in mind the class of June, 1934, tried not to slacken the pace in its stride towards that ultimate destination. It achieved recognition when five of its members were inducted into the Arista, the greatest honor which the school has to bestow. It was well represented in the field of athletics; there were Lower A's on every Harris team. The banquet, traditional function of the pre-senior class, was heartily supported, and was a great success. The council did its work sincerely and seriously, and accomplished much during the term.

Judging by this performance, the present graduating class need certainly have no fear that there will be a lack of capable men to carry on its work next term.

S. Alterowitz.....*President*
M. Aronstein.....*Vice-President*
H. Blondheim.....*Secretary*
L. Goldstein .....*Treasurer*
L. Levey.....*G. O. Representative*
Mr. Dennett.....*Faculty Advisor*

THE GOOD SHIP "LOWER A"

"With Dayton Dennett, ship's first mate,
And Seymour at the helm,
Old Lower A was iron clad,
No storm could overwhelm."
So said the aged seer
Whose crystal was not clear.
After a month or so, the craft
Was tossed into a squall;
And all the hands were called on deck,
The cook, young Dong, and all.
The spume flew fast and free,
It was an angry sea.
There he was in slicker and boots,
Stooped and dripping wet,
Yet lending all a helping hand
And even smiling yet,
While poor old Jack stood near,
Pale with mortal fear.
There Murray, his head o'er the rail,
Suffered from the tossing;
Kosen sat and cursed Neptune
For making such rough crossing.
But Louis, calm and cold,
Sat counting out his gold.
And Robert Warren, Hillel, too,
In deep melodic tone,
Emitted to the roaring sea
A loud and fearful groan.
The other men joined in—
A high and awesome din.
Then all on deck at once recalled
Their gala, grand banquet;
But why remember pleasant things
When they were wringing wet?
Their vessel insecure,
How long could she endure?
That single thought of banquet eve
Drove from their heads their plight
And dwelled but on that happy time,
"What joy that banquet night!"
Newton at the splendid feast
There ate a juicy steak,
While Lehn and Colvin, busy munched
A deep pineapple cake—
There, at the Cabin Grill,
Where Morty paid the bill.
And all throughout the raging storm
Memories lingered on,
Till tranquil was the ocean blue,
A still, but misty dawn.
Absorbed in memories gone by,
Enrobed in foggy fold,
Wondering, the group sails on,
What does the future hold?
When on the Senior Sea,
How will the sailing be?

ADVICE FROM A SAPIENT SENIOR

(With apologies to Coleridge)

It is an ancient senior,
And he's stopped by a proud T. D.;
"By my unused book and blasé look,
Now wherefore stop'st thou me?"

The classroom door is open wide,
And I must now go in;
The boys are met, the chairs upset,
May'st hear the merry din.

Hold thy peace and list to me,"
Quoth he in voice of ice;
"Shiver not so, for soon thou'lt know,
To profit by my advice.

You are so young, a comely lad,
You seem to think you're right;
If you will but forget my crime,
Why, then I'll show you light.

Our joys you have made miseries;
For ev'ry deed atone,
Lest you may find yourself one day
Alone here, all alone.

So close your lids, and keep them closed,
Though the balls like pulses beat;
From this drear hall and very floor,
I'll *walk* on swiftest feet.

But ere I go, to you I tell,
Since opposites don't mix;
If you'd avoid the List of Doom,
Stay out of politics."

"I fear thee, evil Senior dread!"
"Be calm, thou lowly pest!
'Tis not for nothing that I tell
Thee how to pass a test!

He passeth best, who seeth best,
All things, both great and small;
From the minute note passed under-foot
To the writing on the wall."

ORGANIZATION SECTION

The organizations centralize the interests of the school and show the attitude of the students toward school legislation as well as their leaders. But for these organizations, high school life would lack all interest among the student body.

Tracing the pyramid of our social life, the Arista takes its place at the apex. In this organization are found the leaders of the school, who are representative of that pinnacle of success to which every Harrisite aspires.

Among the important groups are the General Organization, the *Stadium*, and the *Crimson and Gold*, the first of which is the chief legislative body of the school, chosen by the students to effect the reforms which changing school conditions demand. The *Stadium* is published bi-monthly in order to bring to the students not only an account of school events, but also a means of direct communication. The *Crimson and Gold*, no longer a senior book, is now an outlet for the literary ambition of Harris as well as a review of the school activities for the past term.

Clubs are a medium of informal discussion of the curricular subjects, and a stimulus of interest in what would ordinarily be dull studies. There are also service organizations which help greatly to keep order in Harris, although their members move unseen.

Organizations are necessary to the complete unity of the school and a full realization of its spirit.

EXTRA-CURRICULA ACTIVITIES

As President of the General Organization, I believe that there is no message I can convey of greater importance than the value of participation in the affairs conducted by the student body, apart from, but not alien to, the curriculum. As this portion of high school life is purely voluntary, it is most often disregarded. And never has a more dire mistake been made, for the aim of all extra-curricular activities is never foreign to classroom life, but rather complementary.

Since Harris is a training camp for a fuller, more mature existence to come—a miniature battlefield—so our activities prophecy the problems we encounter in outer life. And, as preparation for this battle, I know of no better place than our clubs, where we learn to mingle with other human beings, to perfect our personal philosophies, and to supplement our knowledge of the arts.

School publications furnish splendid models of intelligent and just business organizations, while no better example of training can be offered than that of participating in debate, of learning to respect others' opinions, and to set forth our own intelligibly.

I have never claimed that a student owes anything to the school. Instead, I have consistently demanded a more intelligent understanding of the situation. It is my earnest belief that the student has one debt. It is to himself alone that he is responsible for the interest he takes in improving his own conditions, in learning to live his life in the best possible manner.

The General Organization will have done its work, if it can call itself truly a *general* organization.

President of the G. O.,

Robert Van Santen

GENERAL ORGANIZATION

The General Organization, spurred on by the capable guidance of its chief executive, President Robert Van Santen, attacked problem after problem this term with rare ability and unreserved confidence. By employing every possible faculty and source of energy, the Student Council administered Townsend Harris affairs with remarkable dispatch and efficiency.

Many were the achievements of the body, as it succeeded in terminating ventures of incalculable value and import. An outstanding feature of this semester's developments was the revision of the G. O. Constitution, a task essential in eradicating a multitude of obsolete and faulty provisions, and the substitution of clauses more conducive to good government. This accomplishment alone entailed the utmost concentration and unremitting labor of the council members.

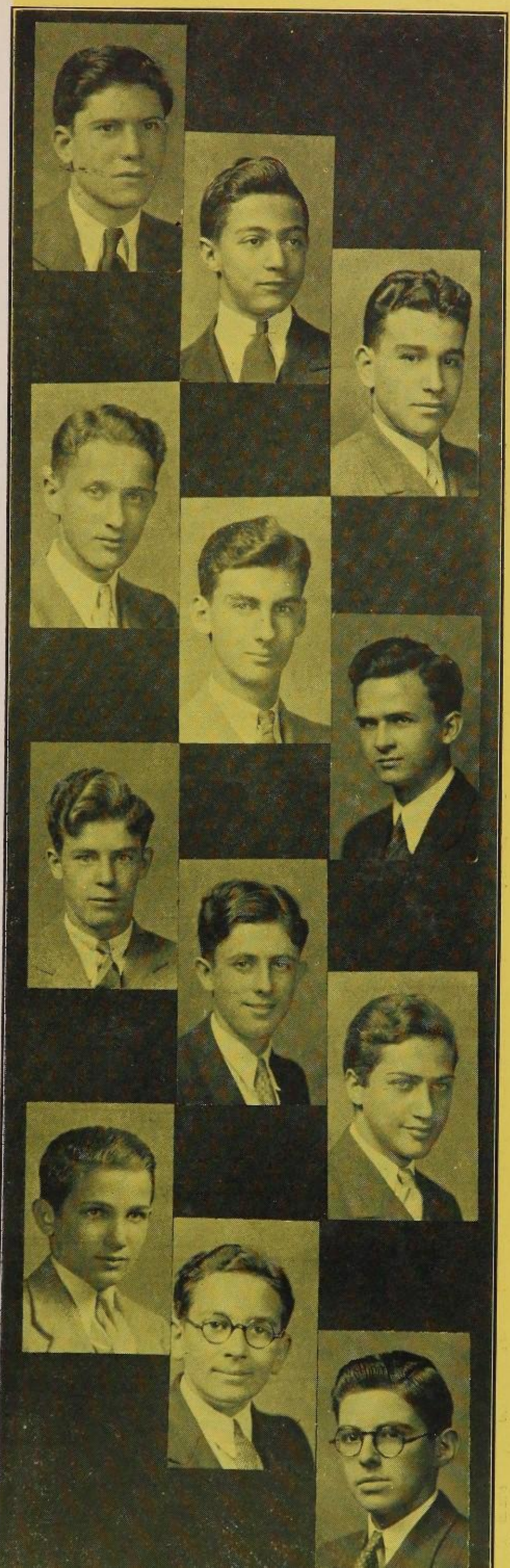
The group also sponsored a Varsity Show, a function which received merited acclamation from the student body. The industry with which the G. O. fostered the production most assuredly deserves the recognition of the entire school.

These examples admirably illustrate the manner in which the G. O. functioned for the half-year. At all times the members tried to live up to a high standard of cooperation. It is this adherence to a policy of harmony which spelled the success of the G. O. Council.

Robert Van Santen.....*President*
Jack London .....*Vice-President*
Bennett Sallman .....*Secretary*
William Friedman .....*Treasurer*

Representatives

Henry Maas, U.A
Fred Charlton, U.B
Gilbert Banner, U.C
Leon Levey, L.A
Abraham Siegel, L.B
Ed Ehrenberg, L.C
Victor Lewis.....*Service Delegate*
Solomon Chaikin.....*Club Delegate*
Thomas Durrance.....*Publication Delegate*
John Henry.....*Athletic Delegate*



THE STADIUM

Although there were many innovations in school activities during the semester, perhaps the greatest and most important was that in the *Stadium*. Under Editor-in-Chief Harry M. Simon, Jr., the organization of the staff and the make-up of the paper were both changed to such an extent that the *Stadium* became a finer and more professional journal than it had ever been during its history at Harris.

Under the new plan, the old "board" was divided into several staffs, each under a departmental editor, who supervised individually the work for which in the past the Editor-in-Chief was held responsible.

Typographically, the *Stadium* was radically altered. A new and more beautiful type face was used for headlines; the whole paper was made more legible; and the make-up became less stereotyped and formal.

To such an extent were these improvements noticed and appreciated by the student body, that a decided increase in its circulation resulted.

Harry M. Simon, Jr.....*Editor-in-Chief*
Malcolm Finkelstein.....*Managing Editor*
Henry Maas.....*Editorial Chief*
Burton Shepard.....*News Editor*
Henry Hofheimer Jr.....*Business Manager*
Edwin Youngerman.....*Advertising Manager*
Maxwell Kern.....*Circulation Manager*

Jack London	Robert Hewitt
Howard Kieval	Goodwin Breinin
Fred Charlton	Morton Stark

PUBLICATIONS COUNCIL

Originally organized as a body to promote an interest in journalism throughout the school, the Publications Council remained in comparative obscurity until this semester, when it became a true journalistic power. The success of this body was due in great measure to the ambitious and outstanding services rendered by the men of whom it was composed.

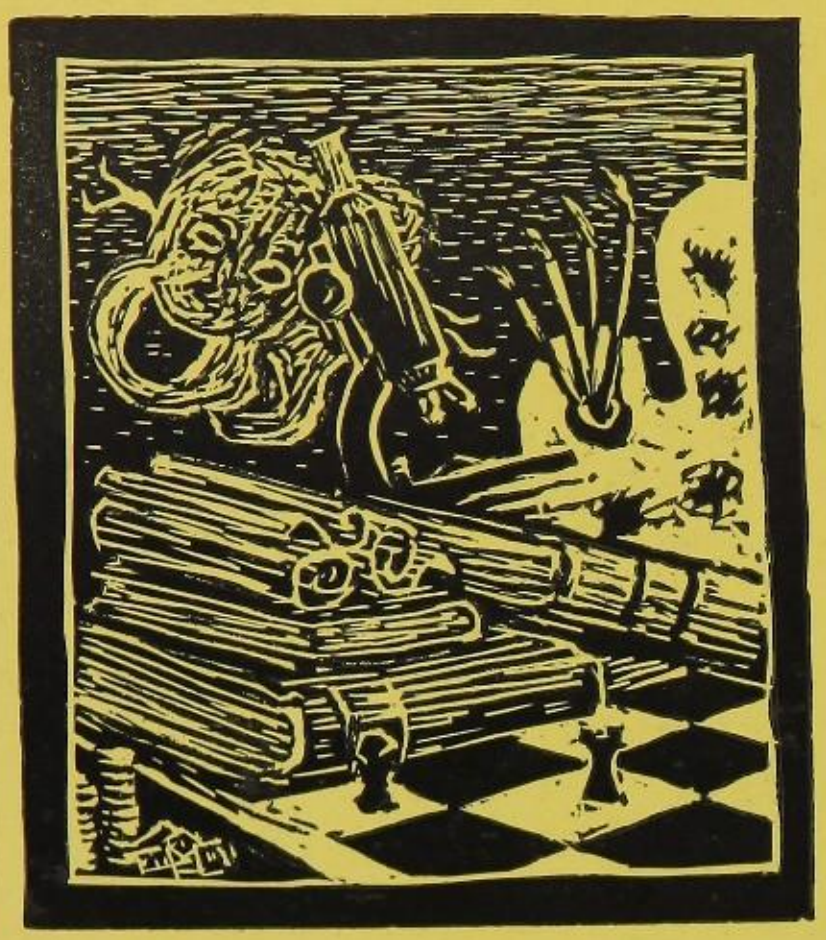
Having been extended more authority by the General Organization, the council promoted a thorough investigation of the condition of the various class journals from whose staffs the major publications recruit their members. Invaluable advice as to the literary make-up and editorial policy was received by these young journalists. The *Stadium*, too, was the recipient of much helpful criticism.

Continuing even farther in their endeavors, the members of the council instituted a school for journalism. It was not until late in the term, however, that this newly born idea took material form. It is expected that the school will be continued in future years and will grow into a powerful and separate organization.

The men who have so greatly aided in heightening the prestige of the Publications Council and the promoting of literary interest among the students are as follows:

Robert Van Santen.....*Chairman*
Harry M. Simon, Jr.....*Vice-Chairman*
Henry Maas.....*Secretary*
Malcolm Finkelstein.....*Treasurer*
Thomas Durrance.....*G. O. Delegate*

Solomon Chaikin — William Friedman
Mortimer Podell — Bennett Sallman
Burton Shepard — Robert Ehrenberg
Richard Witkin



HARRIS MINOR ORGANIZATIONS

Art Society
Arts and Letters Society
Chess and Checker Club
Classical Society
Current History Society
Dramatic Society
Entrance Exam Squad
French Club
German Club
Glee Club
Hatikvah Society
Hi-Y Society
Information Bureau
Law and Debating Society
Library Squad
Orchestra
Pan-American Society
Science Club
Spanish Honor Society
Stamp and Coin Club
Traffic Department

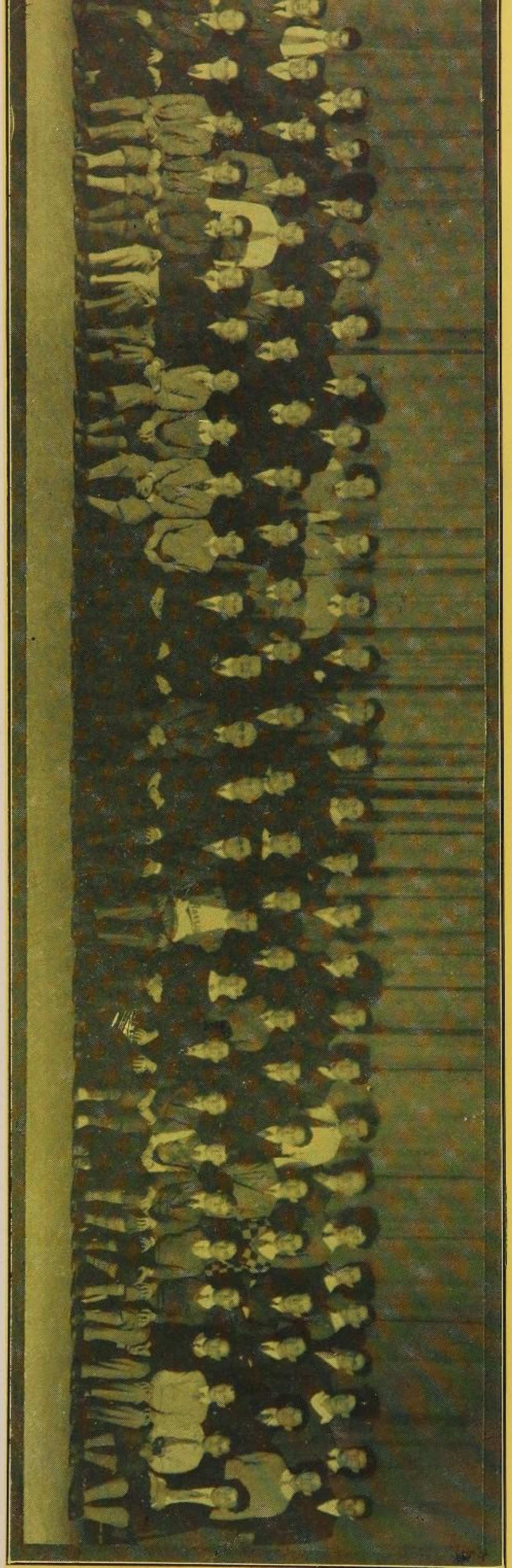
GERMAN SOCIETY

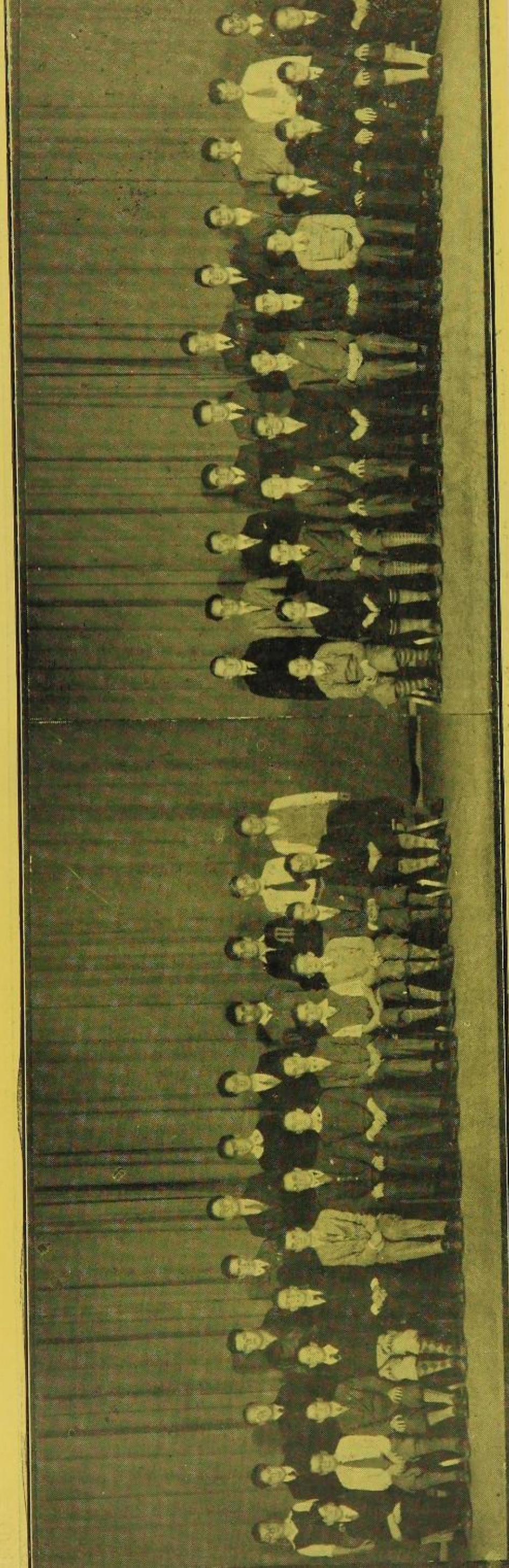
The German Society has, this semester, achieved the coveted and cherished title of "the foremost club in Harris." It is undoubtedly the most popular organization of Harris clubdom, the excellence of its programs contributing not a little to this distinction.

Discussions of the present political and economic situations in the mother country, Germany, formed the principal activities of the club. These informal talks were concerned with the various means of lifting the Reich from the serious decline into which it has fallen.

Charles Terr, long affiliated with the society, in presiding over the group this semester, was aided greatly by the faculty advisors. Messrs. Richard Heynich, head of the German Department, and Werner Miermann at the beginning of the term, found that more faculty assistance was necessary since there was so large an enrollment in the club. Therefore, Kurt Langsam, a new and active German tutor, willingly agreed to render his aid. Under three advisors the club has apparently prospered, and to them, as well as to the officers, congratulations are certainly due.

Charles Terr ..... *President*
Paul Radin ..... *Vice-President*
David Beitler ..... *Secretary*
Henry Hofheimer ..... *Program Manager*
Mr. Heynich ..... *Faculty Advisor*
Mr. Miermann ..... *Faculty Advisor*
Mr. Langsam ..... *Faculty Advisor*





SCIENCE CLUB

This club has constantly endeavored to satisfy the natural craving of students for scientific knowledge. With this design, it has held weekly lectures and exhibitions upon many topics dealing with all phases of the sciences.

Mr. Hurlinger, ***Advisor.***

Kevin Sheard ..... ***President***
Howard Merblum ..... ***Vice-President***
Seymour Lifshitz ..... ***Secretary-Treasurer***
Goodwin Breinin ..... ***Publicity Manager***

FRENCH CLUB

The aim of the French Club is to stimulate an appreciation among its members of the literatures and arts of "La Belle France." The weekly meetings are conducted only in the French tongue.

Mr. Leo Courtines, ***Advisor.***

Milton Himmelfarb ..... ***President***
Ben Rothberg ..... ***Vice-President***
Murray Kimmel ..... ***Secretary***
Allan Koenig ..... ***Treasurer***
William Nierenberg ..... ***Publicity Manager***

INFORMATION BUREAU

The sole design of the Information Bureau is to acquaint the student body with all extra-curricular activities. To accomplish this, it maintains an up-to-date news bureau of such occurrences at all bulletin boards.

Mr. David Goldway, *Advisor.*

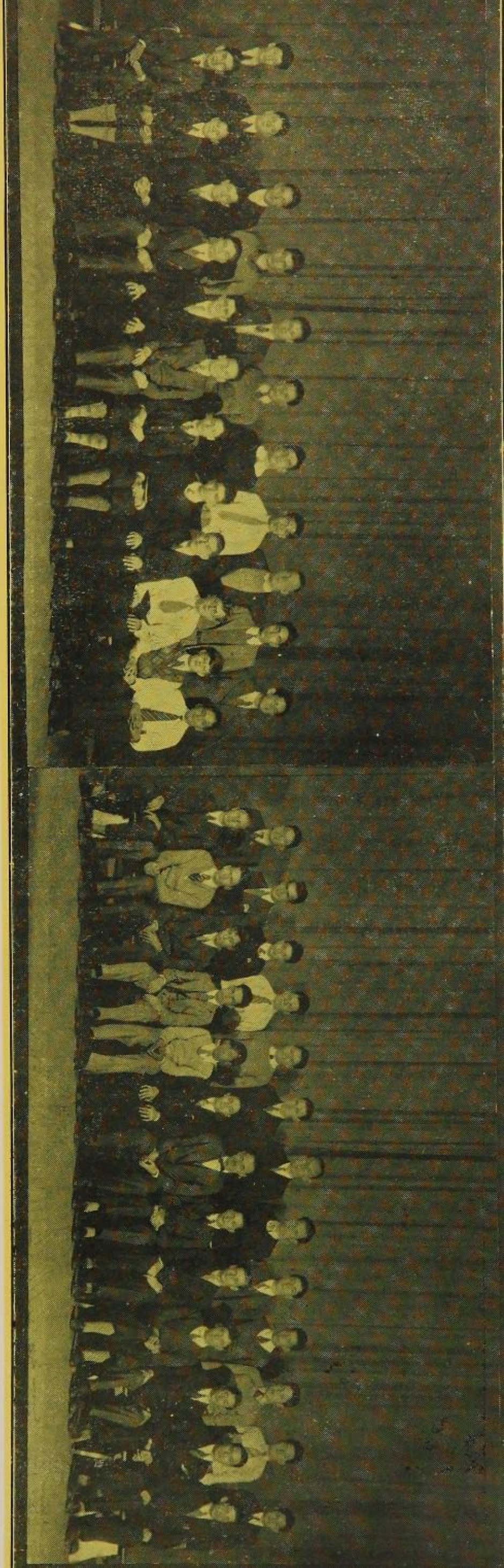
Edwin Youngerman ..... ***Director***
Victor Lewis ..... ***Assistant Director***
Robert Edelstein ..... ***Assistant Director***
Leon Cantor ..... ***Assistant Director***

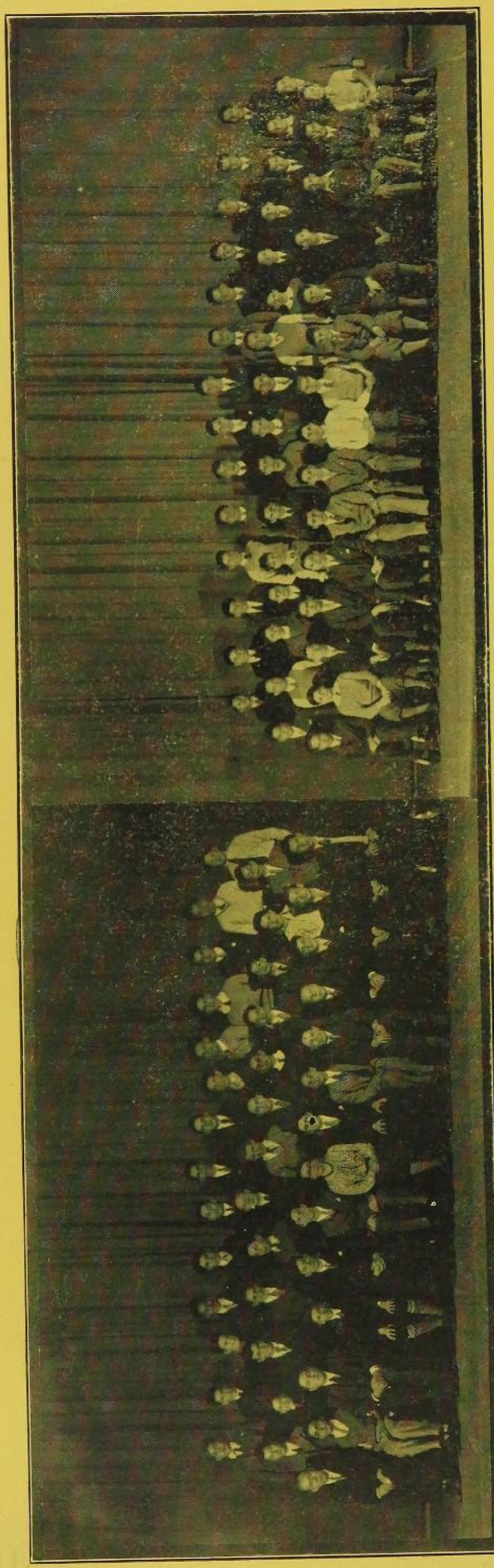
ART SOCIETY

The purpose of the Art Society is chiefly to provide higher instruction for those students talented in any phase of art work, who are interested in continuing elective courses in this subject, and anxious to serve the school by their work.

Mr. Albert D'Andrea, *Advisor.*

Henry Maas ..... ***President***
Philip Lehn ..... ***Vice-President***
Harry Dong ..... ***Secretary***
Leon Levey ..... ***Treasurer***





CLASSICAL SOCIETY

The purpose of the Classical Society is to arouse an appreciation among its members for the great classics by allying them to subjects of more interest to the student.

Dr. H. Standerwick, ***Advisor.***

Hartley Cohen.....***President***
Harold Newman.....***Vice-President***
Murray Rockowitz.....***Secretary***
Martin Metz.....***Treasurer***
Edward Lerner.....***Publicity Manager***

LIBRARY SQUAD

To aid the supervisors of the Harris library in their many duties, and to assist students in the selection of the books they desire, are the two purposes of the Library Squad. It also sponsors, at various times, functions open only to the members of the squad.

Miss James, ***Advisor.***

Kevin Sheard.....***Leader***
Victor Lewis.....***Assistant Leader***

TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT

The school's Traffic Department serves Harris through its work in maintaining order in the corridors. It has recently been re-organized and the T.D. that has evolved serves as a splendid model for all students.

Mr. David Heft, *Advisor.*

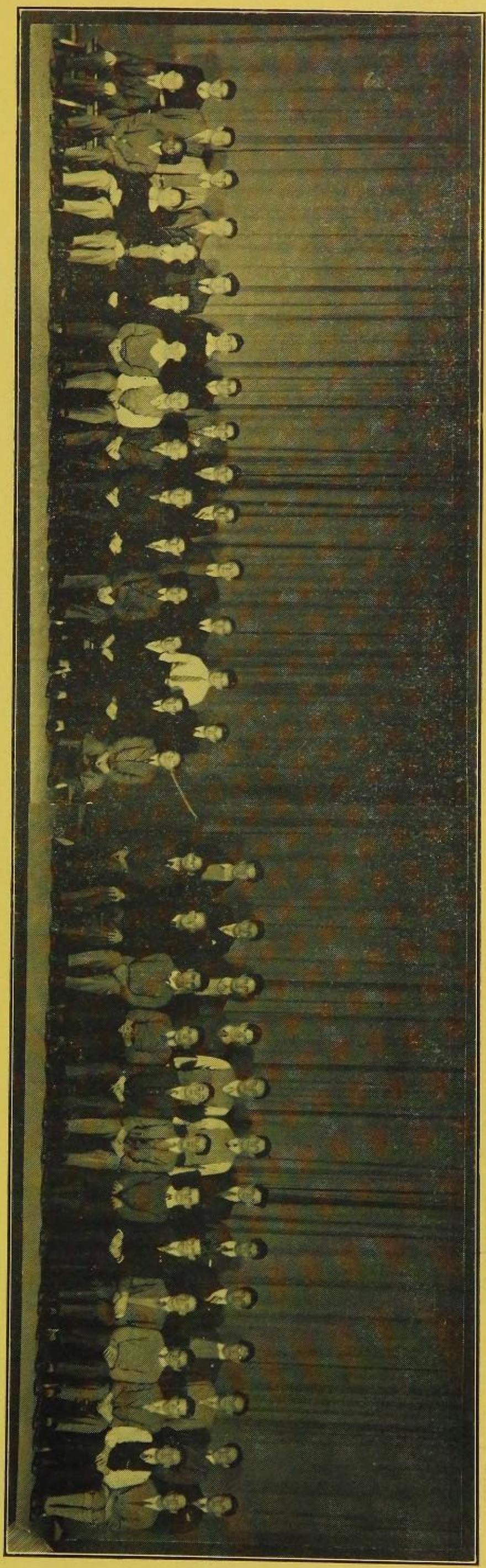
Edwin Youngerman.....*Chief*
Charles Terr.....*Captain*
Morton Aronstein .....*Captain*
Gerard Mangone.....*Lieutenant*
Leon Levey .....*Lieutenant*
Leo Weiner .....*Lieutenant*
Philip Siegel .....*Lieutenant*
Harry Lederman .....*Lieutenant*

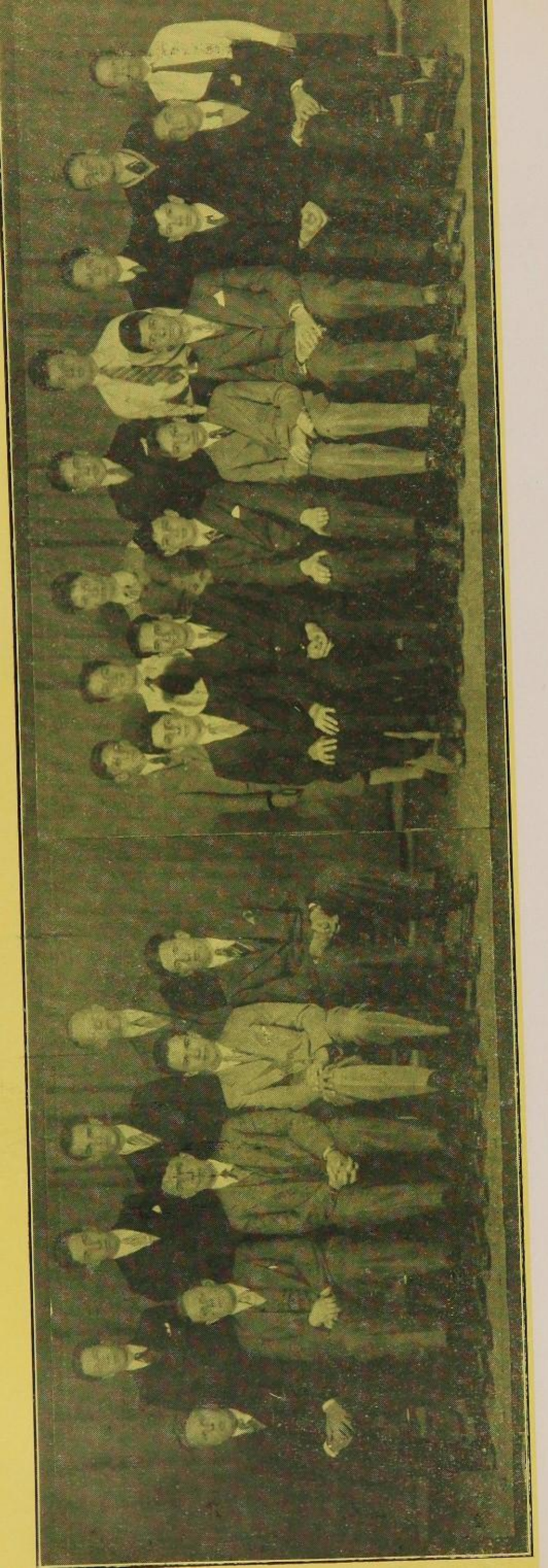
PAN-AMERICAN SOCIETY

This Pan-American Society is the Harris chapter of the city Pan-American League. Its prime purpose is to sponsor a closer relationship between the students of the two Americas.

Mr. Milton Schwartz, *Advisor.*

John Healey .....*President*
Robert Hullar .....*Vice-President*
Martin Fox .....*Secretary*
Andrew Christensen.....*Treasurer*





STAMP AND COIN CLUB

The Stamp and Coin Club has as its purpose not only the material study of the stamps and coins of the different nations, but more important, their significance. It also conducts many periodical contests.

Dr. William Begg, *Advisor.*

Milton Gendel.....*President*
Sam Weissman.....*Vice-President*
Seymour Blum.....*Secretary*
Stanley Wertheim.....*Treasurer*
Emil Lovecki.....*Publicity Manager*

HI-Y SOCIETY

This organization desires to promote in the school the principles of the Y.M.C.A. A study of all kinds of religions and religious sects constituted the work for the semester.

Dr. Russell Stryker, *Advisor.*

Robert Reynolds.....*President*
Daniel Seegers.....*Vice-President*
Norman Olson.....*Secretary*

CHESS AND CHECKER CLUB

The Chess and Checker Club serves its principal purpose by bringing together all boys skilled or interested in either of the popular games—chess or checkers. It also sponsors a series of tournaments.

Mr. Devereux Robinson, *Advisor.*

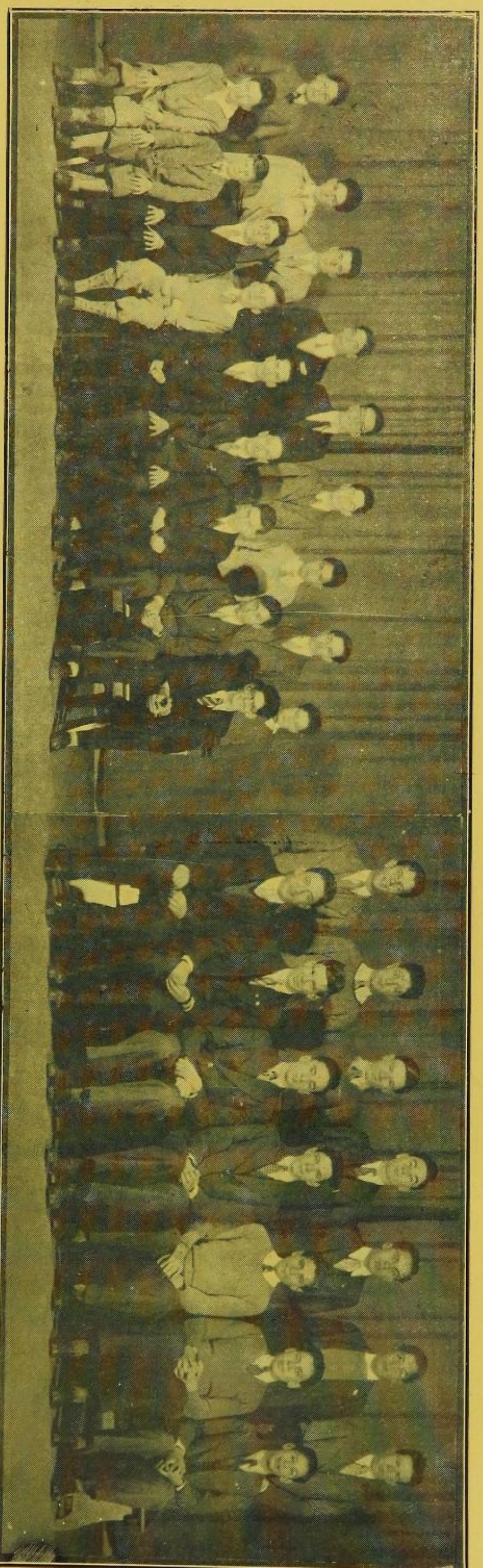
Gerard Mangone.....*President*
Stewart Wagman.....*Vice-President*
Arnold Roseman.....*Secretary-Treasurer*

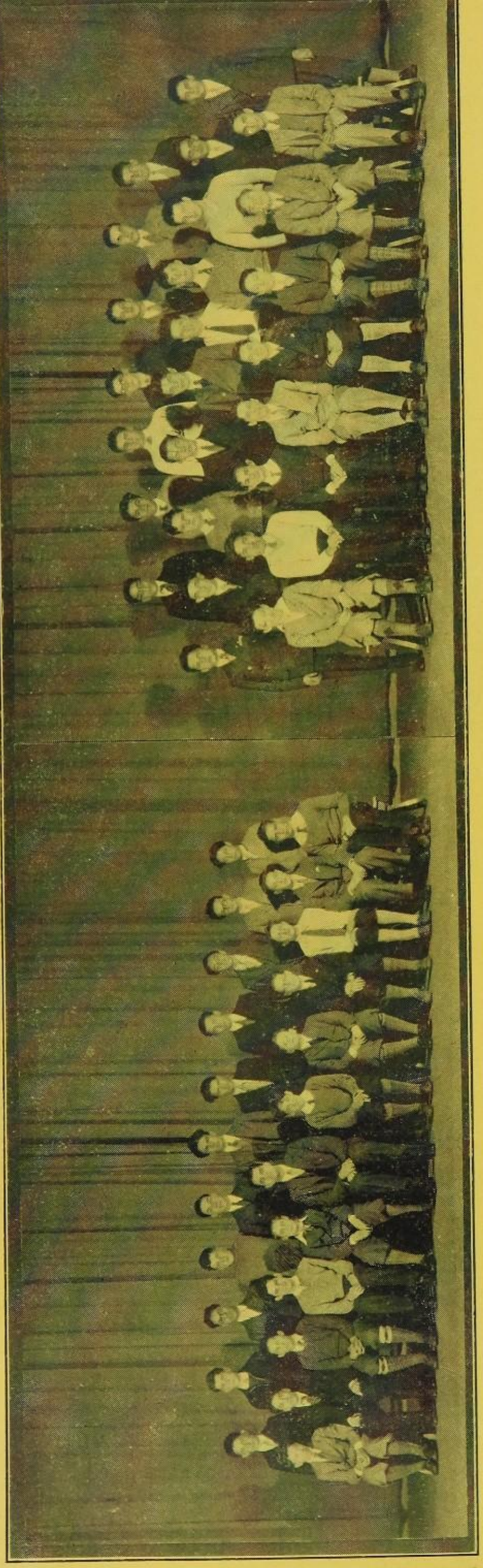
SPANISH HONOR SOCIETY

The Spanish Honor Society is a small, select group composed of those boys outstanding in the study of the Spanish language. It has endeavored to promote an interest among these students in matters relating to Spain and its culture.

Mr. Milton Schwartz, *Advisor.*

Robert Ehrenberg.....*President*
Joseph Hoffman.....*Vice-President*
Newton Meltzer.....*Secretary*





LAW AND DEBATING SOCIETY

The Law and Debating Society has as its purpose the training of those boys aspiring to heights of oratorical glory. Through its many debating tournaments, discussions, and lectures upon topics of current interest, this end is accomplished.

Mr. Brown, *Advisor.*

Howard Kieval ..... *President*
Max Kanner ..... *Vice-President*
Edwin Kernstock ..... *Secretary-Treasurer*
Saul Berg ..... *Program Manager*

ORCHESTRA

The Townsend Harris Orchestra has as its sole purpose the entertainment of the students at the assemblies and the development of an appreciation for music at Harris.

Mr. Goodhartz, *Advisor.*

Nathan Heiger ..... *President*
Saul Neiditz ..... *Vice-President*
Paul Radin ..... *Secretary-Treasurer*

CURRENT HISTORY SOCIETY

The avowed intention of the Current History Society, as the name indicates, is to aid the students in following the swiftly-moving course of current events, and to provide a suitable background for their study.

Dr. Jacob Landman, *Advisor.*

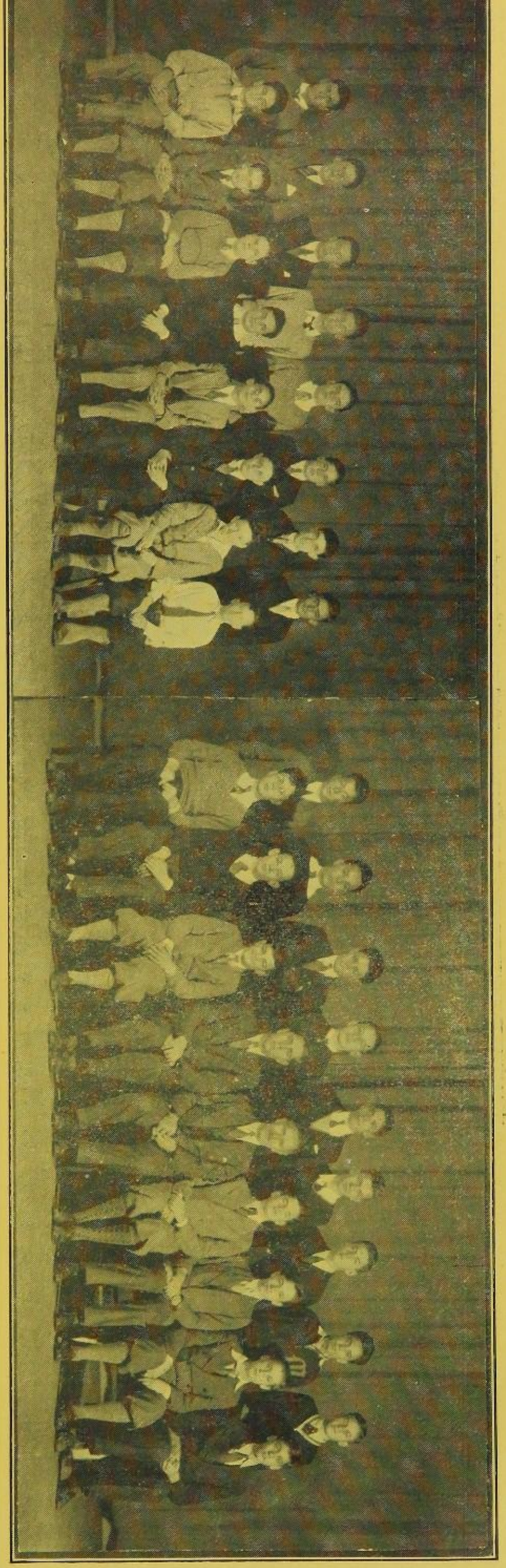
David Rosenberg.....*President*
Adrian Schwartz.....*Vice-President*
Austin Goldman.....*Recording Secretary*
John Horwitz.....*Executive Secretary*

HATIKVAH SOCIETY

The purpose of the Hatikvah Society is to assist students in the understanding of Hebrew traditions, ideals and customs. Its members also, in their discussions, consider the various solutions of the present-day Jewish problems.

Dr. David Klein, *Advisor.*

Hillel Blondheim .....*President*
Morton Aronstein .....*Vice-President*
Victor Kritzer .....*Secretary*
Samuel Friedman.....*Program Manager*



VARSITY SHOW

Probably the most brilliant comedy of character ever written by an American dramatist was presented on January 5, 1934, in the Harris auditorium. The play, "The Show-Off," had been previously presented from coast to coast with great success, but there is no doubt that the Harris cast measured up to the standard set by professional performers. The play was ably directed by Mr. Adolphe, a student-teacher in the English department, who kindly consented to supervise the production. The dramatis personae, as a result of Mr. Adolphe's supervision, executed their roles brilliantly; the girls of the Eastern District High School gave especially fine performances.

The comedy concerns itself with the struggle of Aubrey Piper, the show-off, to satisfy his enormous egotism and at the same time to preserve his self-respect in the presence of discouraging obstacles. The satire also includes some masterful etchings in the character of the Piper family. Because of the tremendous success of this term's Varsity Show, the school is assured of the continuation of this popular annual fall function.

Cast of Characters

Mrs. Fisher.....*Mae Stone*
Clara .....*Rachael Katz*
Amy .....*Avis Edelman*
Joe.....*Mortimer Getzels*
Aubrey Piper.....*Marvin Small*
Frank Hyland.....*Lawrence Dobkin*

CLUB CONDITIONS

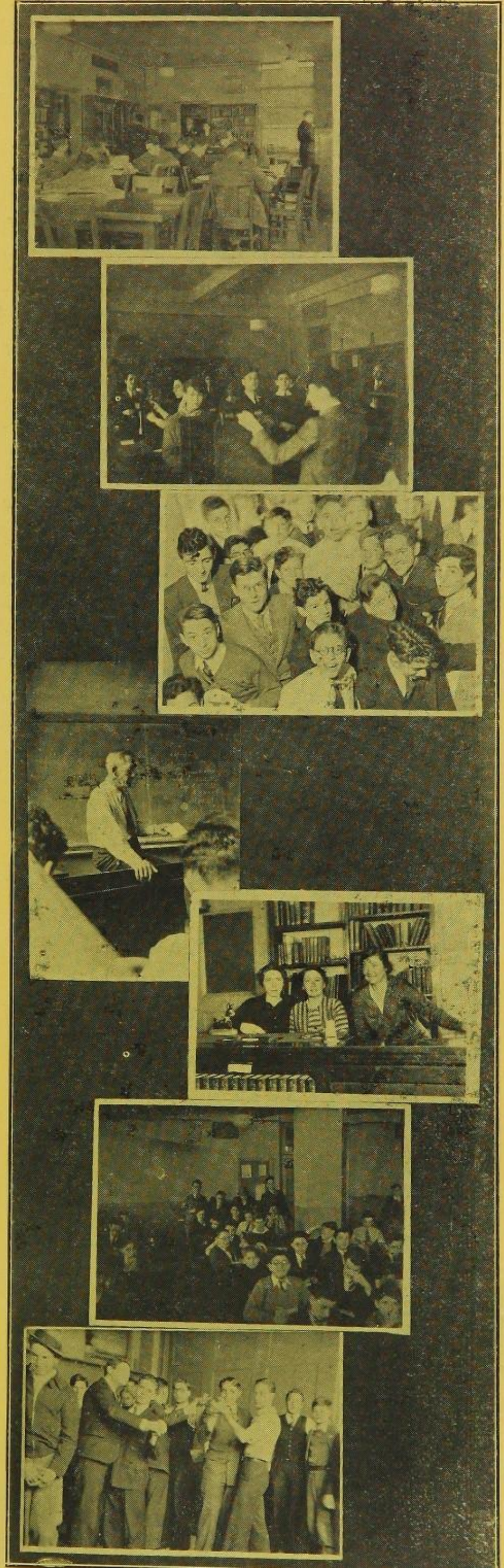
I

The clubs and societies fall into two natural and distinct categories. Those which are unrelated to school subjects form the first group, while the second is composed of those societies having as their basis subjects pertaining to scholastic courses. The later organizations have been created for the prime purpose of furthering an interest in the subjects with which they are allied, and include the Classical, Spanish, French, German, Science, and Art Societies.

The Spanish and French Clubs, to promote a greater understanding of the nations with which they are related, have regularly pursued a uniform policy. This consists of a series of lectures and discussions upon various topics concerning repective countries. Similarly, the German Club studies the contributions of art, literature, and culture of the Teutonic race. In the Classical Society, however, a radical change of policy has been put into effect. Reorganized recently by Dr. Standerwick, this club has endeavored to stimulate personal initiative on the part of its members.

Under the guidance of Mr. Hurlinger, the school's Science Club has also consistently found popularity through its weekly scientific addresses, discussions, and exhibitions. The Art Society, except for several displays, devotes its entire time to serving the school. Its activities have been of inestimable value to Harris.

Although these clubs are founded upon the school curriculum, they are among the most representative institutions of Harris social life.



CLUB CONDITIONS

II

The second type of Harris Club is that which is in no way related to the scholastic courses of study. In this category are included the Chess and Checker, the Stamp and Coin, the Dramatic, the Pan-American, the Hi-Y, the Hatikvah, and the Law and Debating Societies. The cause for their popularity is quite obvious; the desire and demands of the students themselves are the very reason for their existence.

The Pan-American Society is perhaps the most popular and important of this group. Having elected its own treasurer to the same office in the city Pan-American Association, it afforded Harris the honor of playing host to the delegates from forty other institutions. Its membership, however, as in the case of the Hatikvah Society, has for some inexplicable reason steadily declined. This deplorable situation may be attributed to a total lack of publicity.

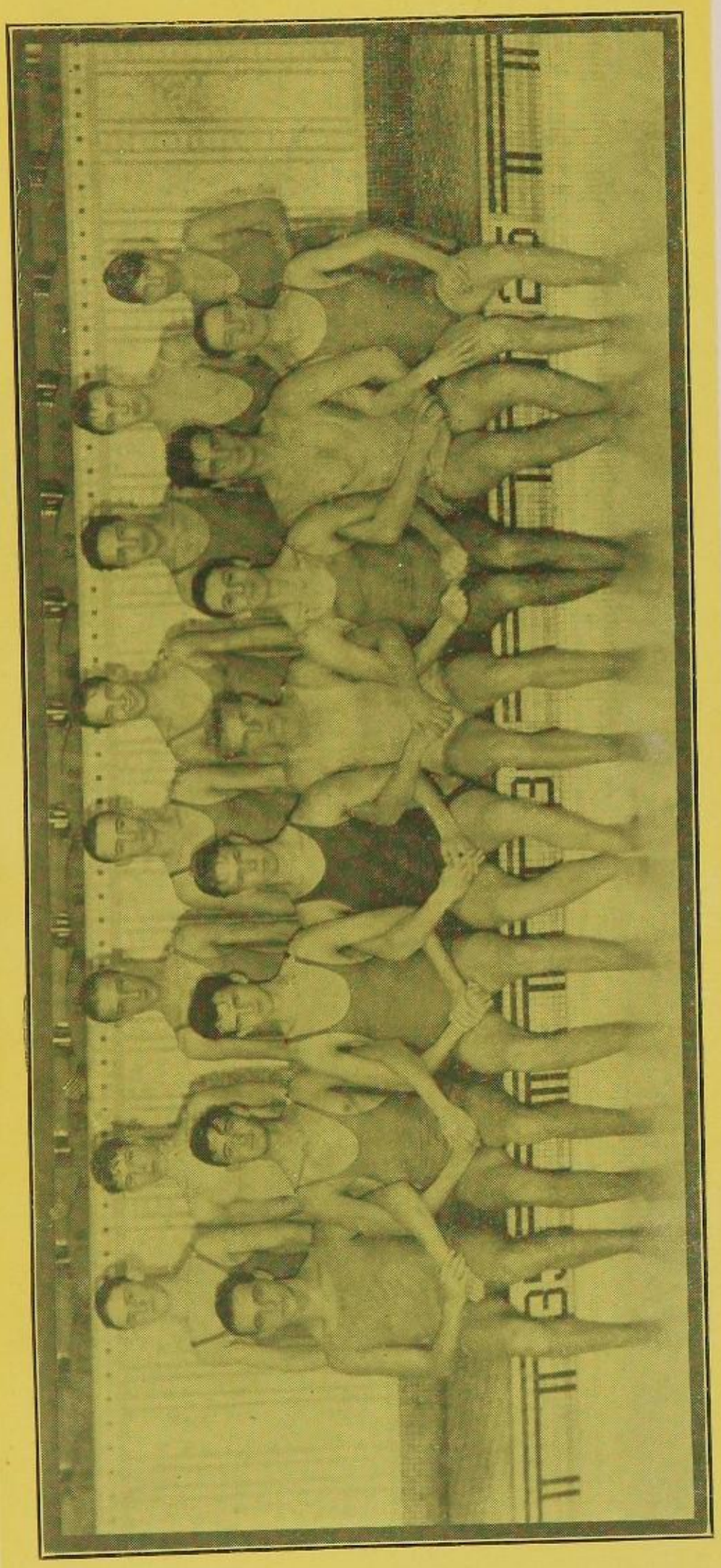
The Harris Law and Debating Club, long lamented as a stagnant organization, has given every indication this semester of an awakening from its lethargy. Its meetings have been marked not only by exceedingly large attendance, but also by continually splendid entertainment. The Stamp and Coin Club and the Chess and Checker organization have achieved at least temporary popularity by means of several school-wide tournaments in their respective fields. In a similar manner, through the startling excellence of its programs, the Hi-Y Society has gained distinction during the past term.

Despite all these seemingly encouraging facts, there is undoubtedly infinite room for improvements in the club situation. As has been shown by numerous precedents, however, perfection can only be attained by steady and constant progress.

ATHLETIC SECTION

This past term has finally seen the much heralded turning point in Harris sports. With the elimination of several of our athletic aggregations from P.S.A.L. competition, an entirely new policy has been installed. Heretofore, hopelessly outclassed, we were ingloriously defeated in every phase of sportdom. These constant defeats necessitated the removal from League competition of those teams which were unable to maintain commendable records. Now that our athletes are competing against opponents nearer our own calibre, we have finished the season with new glory.

This movement has awakened Harris to the true realization of its standing. It was the bitter stimulant needed to rouse us from our lethargy. The punishment for failure to win any meets awoke a greater number of students to answer the call for candidates. It was their aim to try to alleviate this deplorable state of affairs. It was gratifying to see Harris start the battle to regain its former prestige in high school sportdom. Thus, with the knowledge that a truly constructive chapter has been added to our athletic scroll, we eagerly anticipate future triumphs.



SWIMMING TEAM

The swimming team this semester, sad to relate, was no great improvement over its immediate predecessors, and enjoyed only a mediocre competitive season. Captained by Clifford Sager and John Lindquist, the latter one of the finest breast-strokers Townsend Harris has witnessed in many years, the natators were able to capture only a single P.S.A.L. meet, winning from Curtis in its final encounter of the term. However, in engagements with the City College Freshmen, Dwight, Franklin, and several other private institutions, the mermen emerged victorious by overwhelming scores.

Encouraged by the surprising development of many lower classmen, Coach Counsellor, who recently relieved Mr. Cahn of the coaching duties of the squad, has hopes for a brilliant showing in the next P.S.A.L. season.

Clifford Sager and John Lindquist....*Captains*
George Tomlinson .....*Manager*
Jay Counsellor .....*Coach*

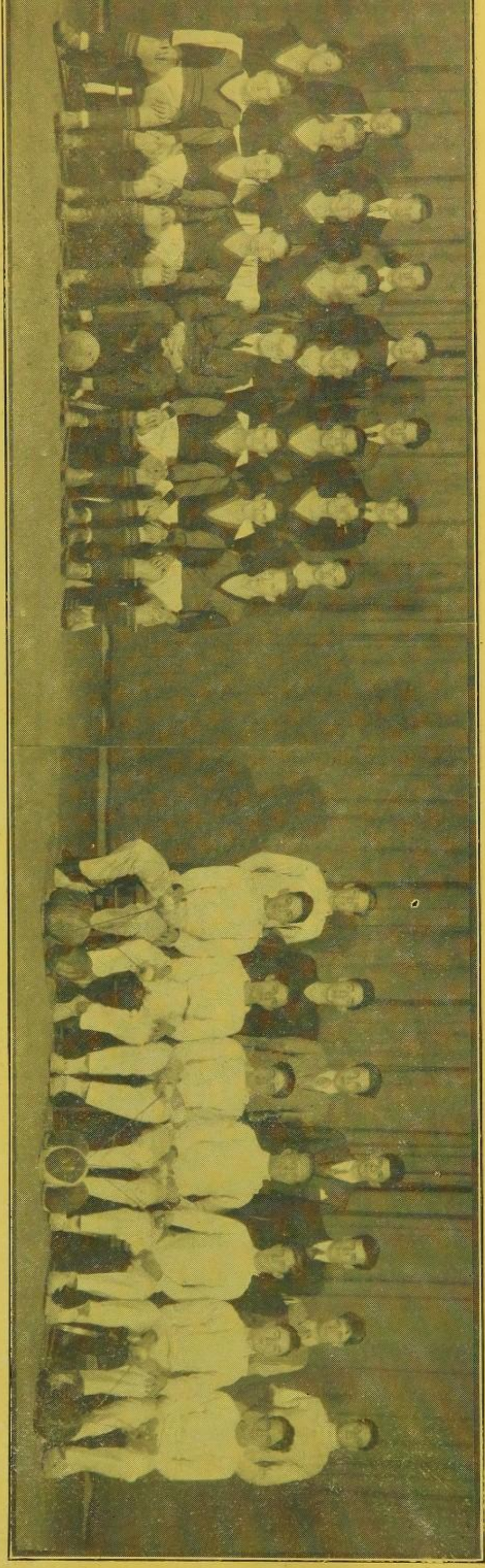
Morton Stark	Thomas Durrance
Fred Weldon	William Friedman
Henry Hofheimer, Jr.	John Mencke
William Mullin	George Tomlinson
Morton Deutch	Herbert Wallenstein
Woodrow Most	Dana Knox
David Bradshaw	Thomas Clark
Stanley Karlin	Henry Fraas

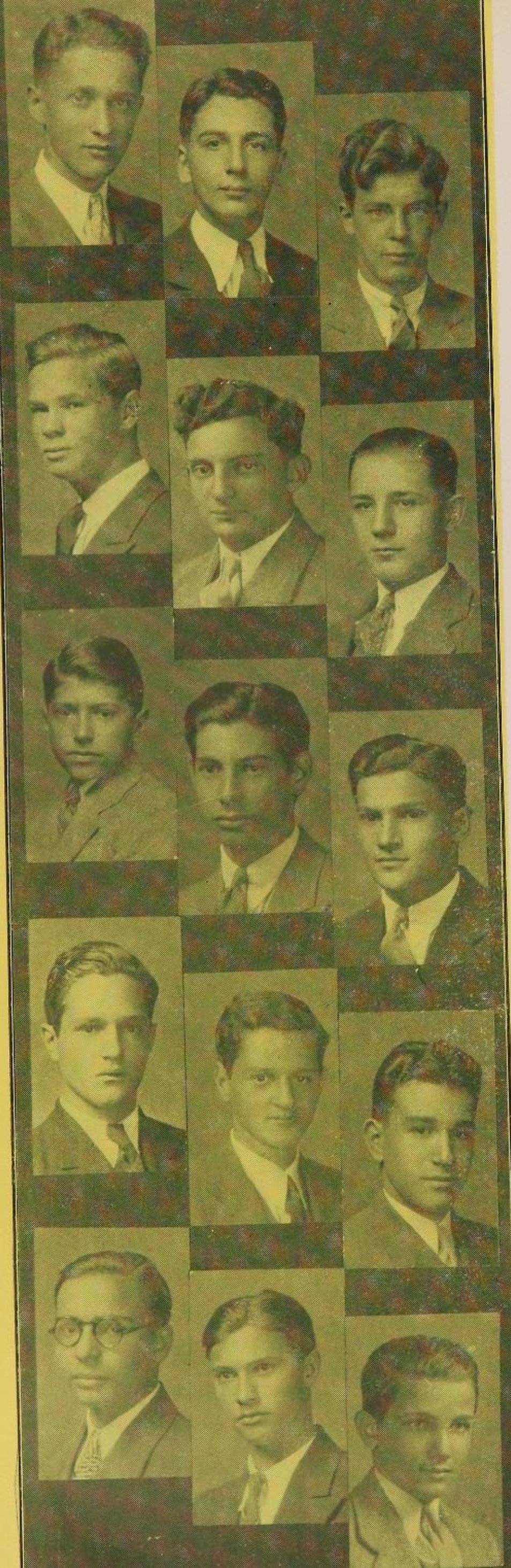
SOCCER TEAM

Robert Goldberger.....*Captain*
Leonard Feldman.....*Manager*
Mr. Zasaloff .....*Coach*
Jacob Bryer
Louis Galli
Jack Kramer
Karl H. Buss
Emil Lovecky
William Grooh
David Beitler
Herbert White
Martin Singer
Bernard Cooper
Bennett Sallman
Leon Goldenberg
Sunther Wolschina
Wally Oppenheimer

FENCING TEAM

John Henry .....*Captain*
Ed Ehrenberg.....*Manager*
Mr. Montague.....*Coach*
Martin Fox
Max Goldstein
Raphael Uffner
Edward Kernstock
Victor Friedman
David Greenberg
Harold Yellin
Gerald Sophar
Harold Nemser





ATHLETIC LEADERS

As a result of the enormous stress laid upon scholastic achievement in Harris, the importance of athletic endeavor is greatly underestimated. The student enters the school with the false conviction that there is but one correct course for him—studies, and studies alone.

Consequently, the greater part of every team is composed of seniors. It is only then that Harrisites deem it worth while to participate in sports. Graduation then takes its usual toll, but with more effect as time progresses, for each new batch of freshmen presents a younger age average, and a group of comparatively smaller stature.

A distinct classical atmosphere is apparent in the make-up of the average Harrisite. He seems to believe that there are no fields to conquer save that of marks. The reason for this is his inability to define education. To him study seems to be the sole, ultimate goal of the public high school. He neglects the athletic sphere and so renders his education incomplete.

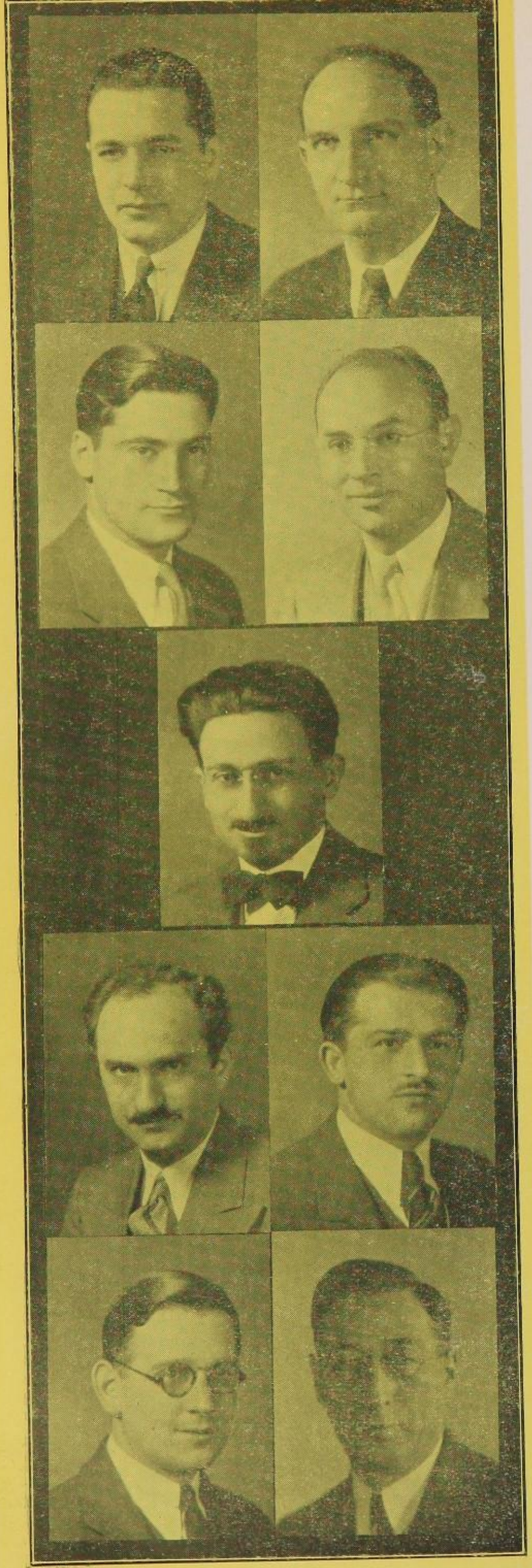
There are, however, in Harris a few who recognize the importance of athletic endeavor. These boys are the real leaders of the school. They do not seek a path that has been well-trod and carefully marked out by their predecessors; they have sufficient belief in their abilities to employ their own initiative and make themselves invaluable to their Alma Mater. They form the only means by which Harris may escape being dubbed a school devoid of everything but scholars.

CRIMSON AND GOLD SECTION

Thousands of years ago the Pharaohs strove to erect their pyramids to unprecedented heights. These everlasting monuments might be likened to the stupendous literary pyramid that the *Crimson and Gold* exemplifies. Each semester has marked the placing of another stone upon this edifice of achievement. At last, after a decade of publications, the apex of the pyramid approaches. The magazine is becoming more and more the embodiment of all Townsend Harris life.

Although this magazine is sponsored by the Senior Class, it is a publication representative of the entire school. Every section has its editor who compiled serious, humorous, and interesting facts about each class and its members. Therefore what was previously a catalogue of facts has resolved itself into an artistic and worthy literary creation.

The massive pyramids still stand, unmoved by Time. And today, the *Crimson and Gold*, into an artistic and worthy literary creation. after a decade of struggling, remains the viously a catalogue of facts has resolved itself symbol of Harris efficiency and cooperation. It will not be long before the *Crimson and Gold* reaches that point where it may be considered a perfectly polished publication. Then the students will look back and regard the January, 1934, issue as perhaps one of the finest in literary skill and genius, and one of the many great steps towards nearing the ultimate perfection of the Townsend Harris High School Yearbook.



IN APPRECIATION

The *Crimson and Gold* takes this opportunity to express sincere gratitude to those nine members of the faculty, each of whom gave unsparingly and unselfishly of himself in order that this might prove a better magazine.

To Mr. Albert P. D'Andrea, under whose capable guidance the Art Staff gained the necessary artistic and creative inspiration;

To Mr. Jacob A. Friedman, whose financial genius was indispensable to the Business Board;

To Mr. David Goldway, whose invaluable assistance and advice materially aided the production of the literary section;

To Mr. Bernard Perlmutter, leader of the efficient staff of salesmen which assured a large circulation early in the term;

To Mr. Irwin Rothman, who supervised the intensive and successful advertising campaign;

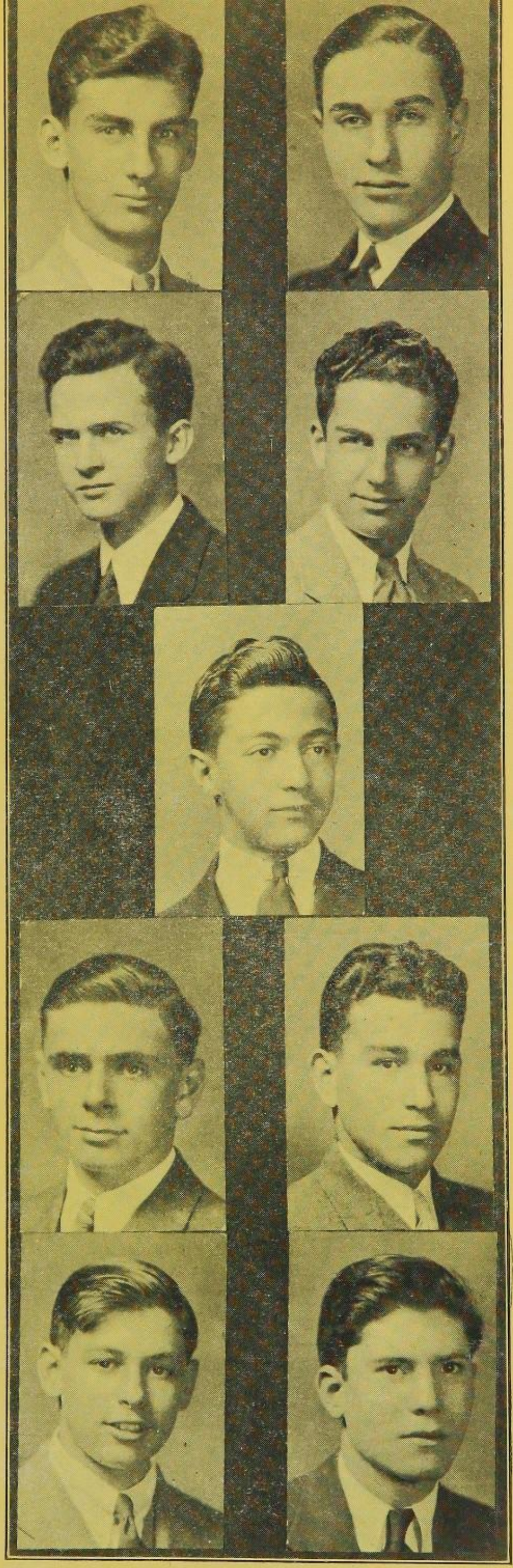
And to Messrs. Canfield, Dennett, Landman, and Penn for their wholehearted cooperation;—we express our thanks.

We acknowledge our heartfelt gratitude to these gentlemen without whose combined support and aid, issuance of an outstanding and successful *Crimson and Gold* would have been a well-nigh impossible task. To the utmost, they are deserving of the meager and limited tribute which we tender.

EXECUTIVE STAFF

Henry Maas.....*Editor-in-Chief*
Solomon Chaikin.....*Business Mgr.*
Gerald Kitay.....*Art Editor*
Thomas Durrance.....*Managing Editor*
Robert Van Santen.....*Photography Editor*
Mortimer Podell.....*Associate Editor*
William Friedman.....*Associate Editor*
Eugene Lang.....*Advertising Mgr.*
Harry M. Simon, Jr......*Technical Editor*

Though the efforts of the Crimson and Gold staff this semester were centered on the literary work, much credit is due to both the art and business boards. Since the plan of this book necessitates an illustration for every page where no photograph appears, the art staff's responsibilities were practically doubled. Not alone did it undertake a task which previous groups had been unable to handle, but it produced every cut, including the cover, in linoleum. The business board was obliged to alter previous photograph scales and successfully arrange for a new system. A greater number of individual pictures proved to be additional work for the staff, but it ably mastered its problems. The literary content of this issue requires no comment. The industrious efforts of the entire Crimson and Gold staff, we hope, have been amply rewarded.



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If credit is to be given for the success of this publication we may attribute it to the eleven different sets of editors who toiled sincerely to improve its literary content, or to the eleven art staffs which advanced its appearance; but we must not neglect to give our advertisers the credit due to them. For it is their patronage which has made possible all these publications. The space filled by their advertisements is not just so much waste and consequently to be ignored. It is an investment from which a good return is expected. That return is our patronage. They have faithfully cooperated with us to the fullest extent; we must now prove their faith well-grounded.

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